ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS LATTER DAYS 21

$3.50 CANADA • $2.25 USA • £1.50 UK

He asked the Graphics Department for something different.

Different from the usual terse, declarative sentence-fragments.

Different from the usual magnified photo of someone in pastel hues fading into the usual miniaturized panoramic scene.

They promised to try their best.

(Unfortunately for him that turned out to be the same night that everyone in the Graphics Department was invited to this great party that was being held at Spigo.)

GOD CHASING YHWH V YHWH: THE LAST PAGE

AARDVARK-VANAHEIM IN ASSOCIATION WITH ADD HOCK ENTERPRISES AND CHAPTER ELEVEN LINEWORK PRESENTS "CHASING YHWH V THE LAST PAGE" STARRING CEREBUS, KOMINSBERG THE NOT-SO-GOOD SAMARITAN AND ME AS THE STENOGRAPHER. PRODUCED BY ALPHORSE "DENMARK" GALAFARO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JIMMY'S BEAUTIFUL & TALENTED WIFE ONTARIO CORPORATION 1126912 AND THEIR LOVELY CHILDREN ONTARIO CORPORATIONS 1178914A 1178914B & 1178914C. Be sure to watch for "CHASING YHWH V: THE LAST PAGE" AVAILABLE ON VIDEO AND DVD SOMETIME LATER THIS WEEK

Will

("Only guys who owe me money
call me 'Mr. Eisner.'")

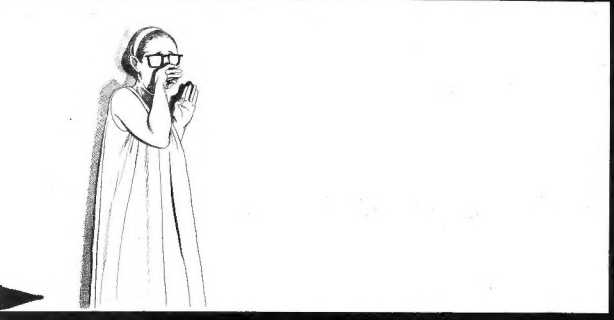
CEREBUS
NO. 286 JANUARY 2003

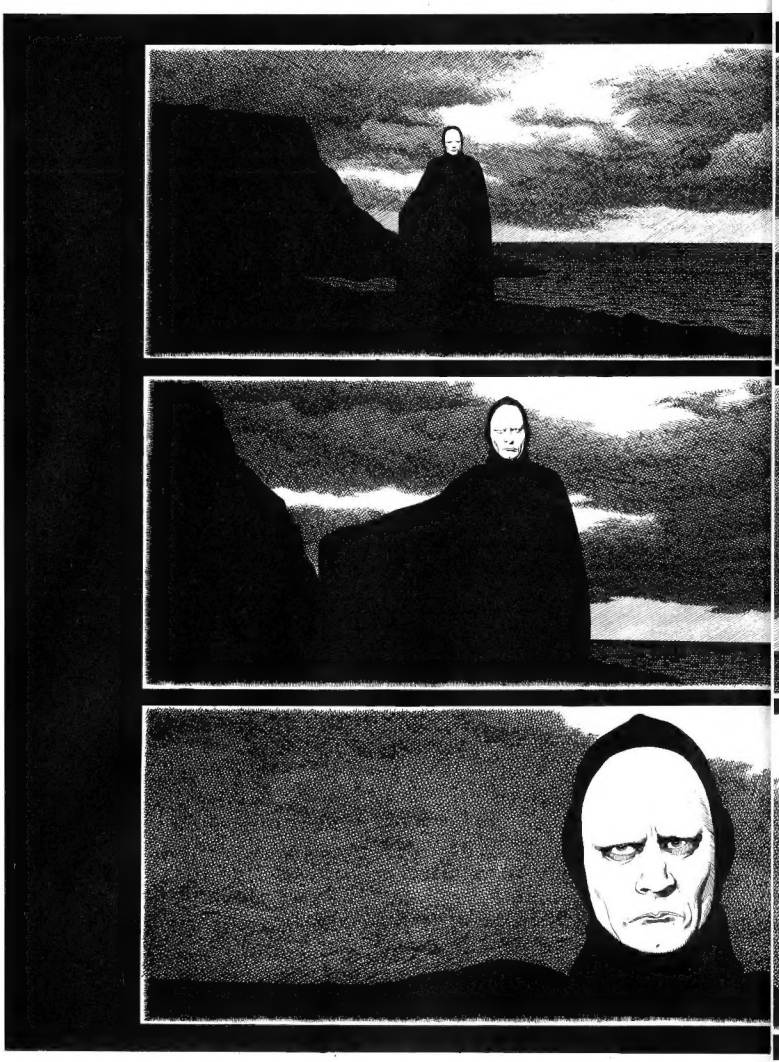
WILL EISNER
STUDIOS, INC.

TO DAVE SIM - DATE: 11/1/02

DEAR DAVE =
I JUST READ CONTROUS
YOUR EXTREMELY
LETTER TO THE NEW YORKER
ABOUT THE ART SPIEGELMAN
INTERVIEW WITH KRIGSTEIN -
I WAS NOT OFFENDED
BY THE REMARK BY BERNIE
FOR I UNDERSTOOD
IT CAME FROM - HE WAS DAMN
TIRED OF MY WORK THROWN
AT HIM WITH US. HE WAS TRYING
TO CUT NEW PATHS. THAT'S
THE TROUBLE WITH GETTING
THERE FIRST -
THANK
YOU
DAVE!

YOU REMAIN
A GOOD FRIEND





Okay. Chapter thirty-two. *"And Iacob went on his way, and the Angels of God met him. And when Iacob saw them, he said, This Gods hoste: and hee called the name of that place Mahanaim."* That is, "two hosts" or "two camps". [watches Konigsberg—who has, for some reason, draped a blanket over his shoulders—slowly, slowly raising his right arm under the blanket] Right. [clears throat] "two hosts or two camps". So God has to be pretty happy with that. Jacob's pile of rocks represent God and his Angels and there are two groups involved. Jacob *has no idea* that the two groups are God's group and Yoohwhoo's group, but even *accidentally* telling the truth—*especially* if you're Jacob—has to count for a lot with God.

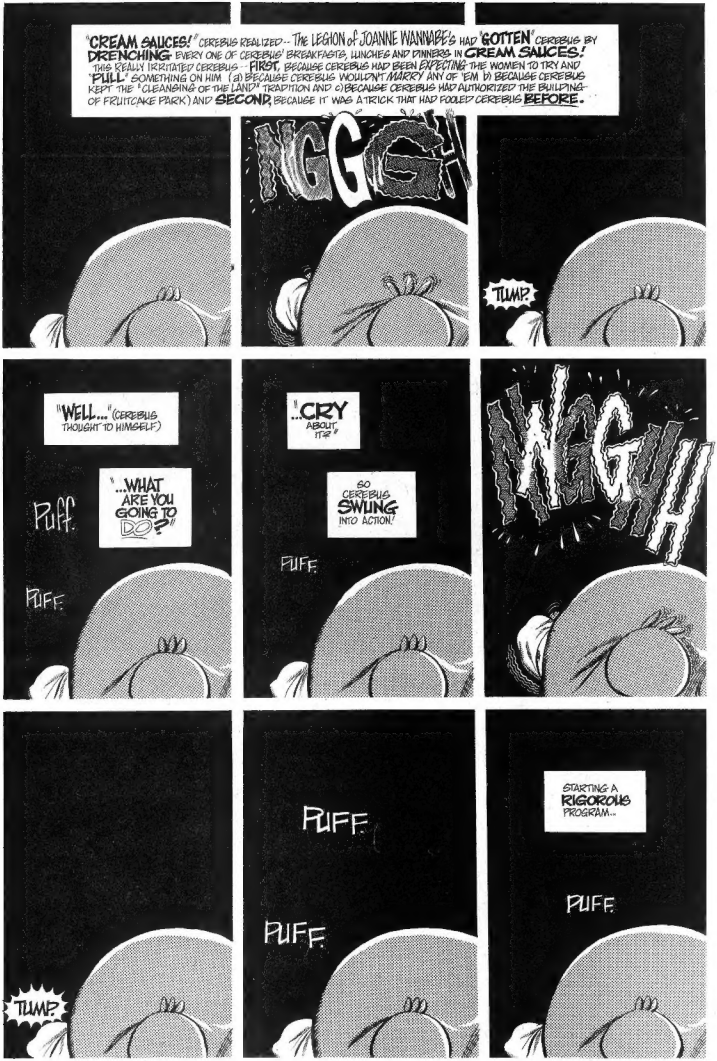
What is important is that Jacob is coming back into Yoohwhoo's garden. *"And Iacob sent messengers before him, to Esau his brother, vnto the land of Seir, the Field of Edom. And he commaunded them, saying, Thus shall ye speake vnto my lord Esau, Thy seruant Iacob saith thus, I haue soiourned with Laban, and stayed there vntill now. And I haue oxen, and asses, flockes and men seruants and women seruants: and I haue sent to tell my lord, that I may find grace in thy sight. And the messengers returned to Iacob, saying, Wee came to thy brother Esau, and also he commeth to meet thee, and foure hundred men with him."* [laughs] Oops. Cerebus is willing to bet that Esau did that on purpose. "Four hundred men". [laughs] Jacob must've been just one, big nervous tic. *"Then Iacob was greatly afraid, and distressed, and he diuided the people that with him, and the flockes and the herdes, and the camels into two bands,"* which is, of course, what the younger being *would* do—what the younger being *always* does: divide. The point is probably lost on Yoohwhoo, but there it is. *"And said, If Esau come to the one company, and smite it, then the other company which is left, shall escape."* It's sort of a plan. [laughs] It's not *much* of a plan. But, it's definitely the sort of plan a [dangles his limp wrist] "man" like Jacob would come up with. *"And Iacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Yoohwhoo which saidst vnto me, Returne vnto thy countrey, and to thy kindred, and I will deale well with thee."* [laughs and laughs] Well, Jacob goes totally "Yoohwhoo" at that point. He has two fathers, now. His real one and his grandfather.

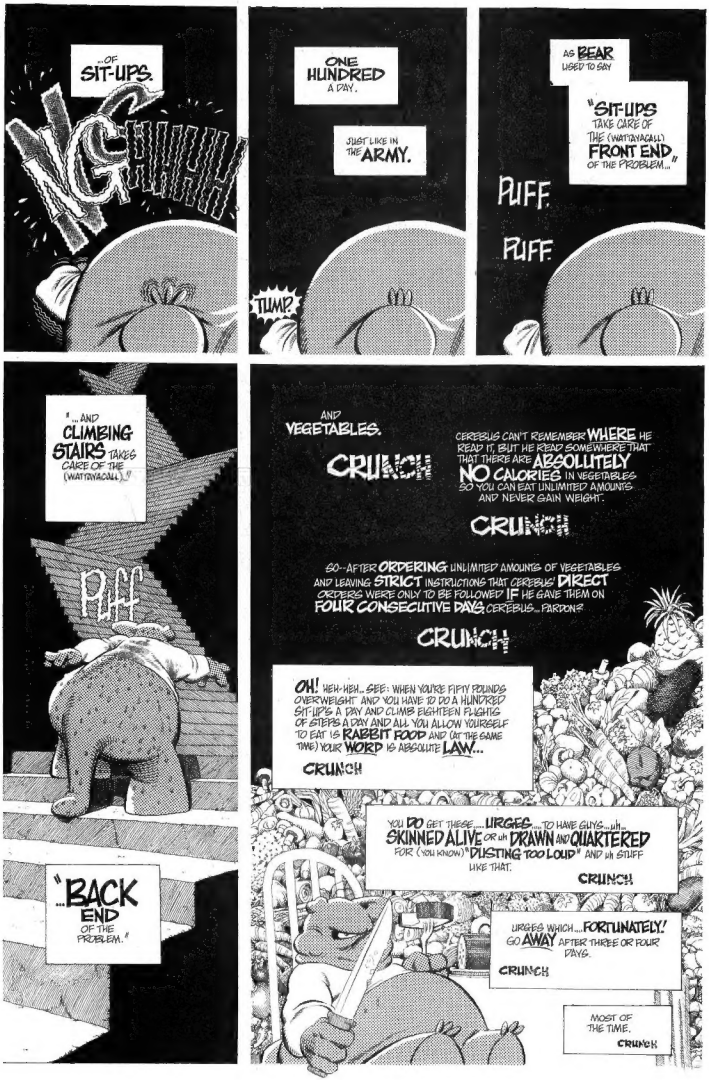
And he addresses Yoohwhoo, who is definitely the "god" of both Abraham and Isaac and reminds Yoohwhoo of a conversation between them that *never actually took place*, the conversation that Jacob made up in verse 13 of chapter 31! [laughs] Just like the conversation between the "talking snake" and Hawwa that Yoohwhoo made up. As usual, when one of Adam's descendants is coming back into the garden, these "garden references" start popping up all over the place. *"I am lesse then all the mercies, and of all the trueth, which thou hast shewed vnto thy seruant: for with my staffe I passed ouer this Iordan, and now I am become two bands."* This is the place where the staff enters the story and which becomes more and more important as we go along. A staff is a piece of wood, wood comes from trees and, as we've already seen trees are "he's"—of God. So it's a good fit. Jacob represents Yoohwhoo and Jacob's staff represents God. Two bands. *"Deliuer me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I feare him, lest he will come, and smite me, and the mother vpon the children."* This is "Yoohwhoo thinking," in line with her fear that she expressed through Jacob that God would take "His daughters from her by force." It's another Yoohwhoo concern. That she's afraid that God—the elder being that Yoohwhoo has supplanted—represented by Esau, Jacob's older brother who Jacob has supplanted—intends to hurt her and her sons and daughters. *"And thou saidst I will surely doe thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbred for multitude."* Which is true. [laughs] But after he thought it over, Jacob *must've realized* that even if only *half* of his family escaped from Esau, that half could still be fruitful and multiply and become "as the sand of the sea" even if Esau murdered the other half of the family—*and* Jacob himself. So, [laughs] time for Plan B. *"And he lodged there that same night, and tooke of that which came to his hand, a present for Esau his brother: Two hundred shee goats, and twentie hee goats, two hundred ewes, and twentie rammes, thirtie milch camels with their colts, fortie kine, and ten bulles, twenty shee ashes, and ten foals. And he deliuered into the hand of his seruants, euery droue by themselues, and said vnto his seruants, Passe ouer before me, and put a space betwixt droue and droue."* Just likeYoohwhoo, he continues to divide and divide and divide. *"And he commanded the formost, saying, When Esau my brother meeteth thee, and asketh thee, saying, Whose thou? and whither goest thou? and whose these before thee? Then thou shalt say, They thy seruant Jacobs: it is a present sent vnto my lord Esau: and behold also, he is behind vs."* "Behind," just as Lot's wife looked back from *behind* him and got turned into a pillar of salt and the Ram was caught by his horns *behind* Abraham. [laughs] "Behind" is never good news for Yoohwhoo. *"And so commanded he the second, and the third, and all that followed the droues, saying, On this maner shal you speake vnto Esau, when you find him."* "When you *find* him," just as Cain, the elder son, said about himself in the garden after he had been cursed by Yoohwhoo, *"every one that findeth me, shall slay me."* [laughs] It is definitely looking like the shoe is on the other foot at this point, with Jacob, the younger, describing himself as Esau, the elder's servant. *"And say ye moreouer, Beholde, thy seruant Iacob is behind vs: for he said, I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face; peraduenture he will accept my face. So went the present ouer before him: and himselfe lodged that night in the company."* Good time to get some sleep but [laughs] Jacob isn't done dividing yet. Time for Plan C: *"And hee rose vp that night, and tooke his two wiues, and his two women seruants, and his eleuen sonnes, and passed ouer the foord Iabbok. And he tooke them and caused to passe ouer the brooke, and sent ouer that hee had. And Iacob was left alone: and there wrestled a man with him, until the Ascending of the morning."* The morning, of course—as in "the morning and the evening" represents Yoohwhoo. And this, of course, is Yoohwhoo's cherubim who guards Yoohwhoo's garden who, ordinarily, would make quick work of any one of Adam's descendants.

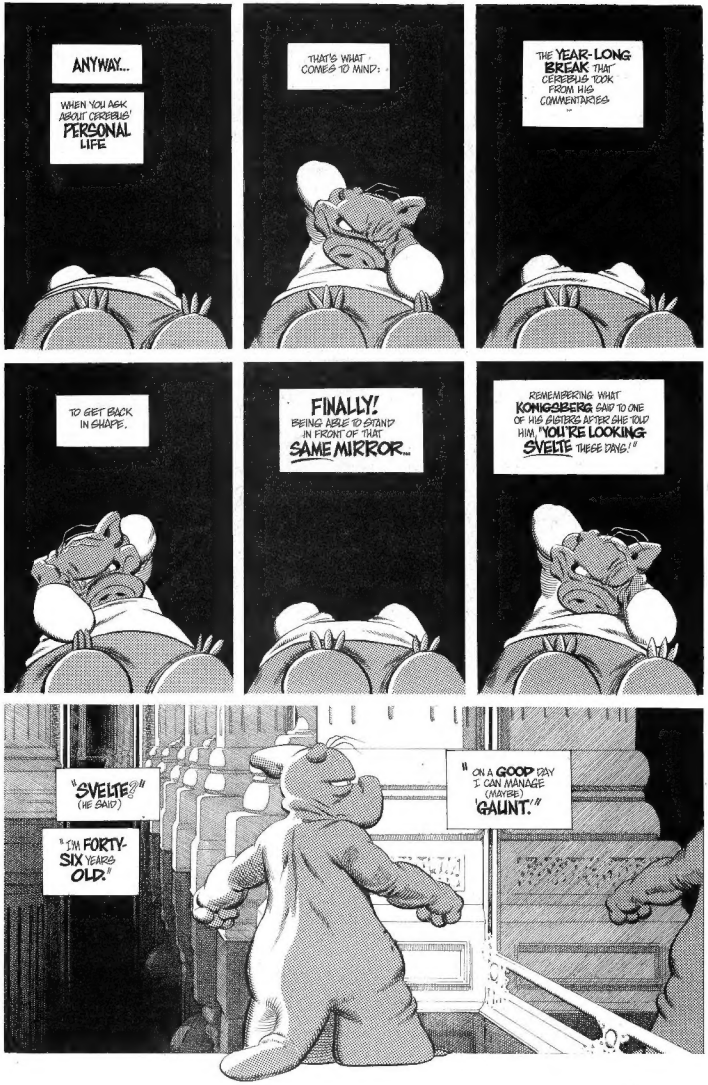
But, what's he going to do against Jacob? Jacob *is* Yoohwhoo, the supplanter, who stole away the birthright and the blessing of the elder, Esau. It's also a reference to the fact that just as God judges Yoohwhoo's "wrestling" with all of her bright ideas, the bad fruit, men, knowledge of good and evil, so too, do men "wrestle" with their bright ideas, the bad fruit, knowledge of good and evil…and with Yoohwhoo. The next part is pretty tricky, because it's not clear who the different "he's" refer to: *"And when he saw, that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh: and the hollow of Iacobs thigh was out of ioynt, as hee wrestled with him."* [laughs] Seven "he" or "him" or "his" in one sentence and only one "Jacob". Read it as if all the "he's" refer to Jacob and all the "him's" and the "his" refer to the cherubim and it makes for one kind of story. Read it as if all the "he's" refer to the cherubim and the "him's" and the "his" refer to Jacob and it makes for a very different story. Same with *"And he said, Let me goe, for the day breaketh: and he said, I will not let thee goe, except thou blesse me."* See, Cerebus is pretty sure that it's the *cherubim*, Yoohwhoo's angel, who is demanding that Jacob bless *him*.

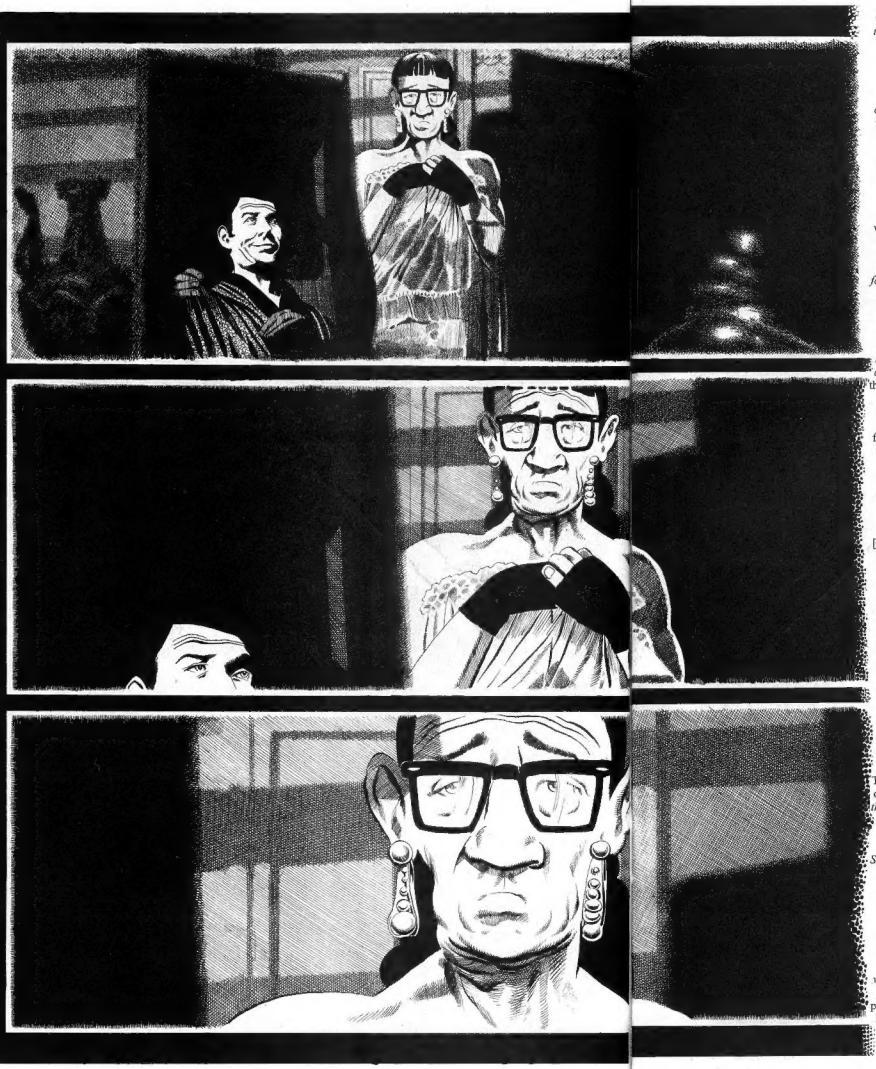
[laughs] Yoohwhoo *has* to get that blessing, because Jacob has usurped the blessing—the covenant—that was made with Abraham, that Abraham passed on to Isaac, that Isaac passed on to Esau, that Jacob tricked Esau *out of* and that Jacob is about to pass on to one of his own sons. The next part [laughs] at least you can tell who is who. *"And he said vnto him, What is thy name? and he said, Iacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Iacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast preuailed."* So Yoohwhoo is signaling that *she's* about to get her much-needed covenant with Jacob, the same way God had signaled that *He* had a covenant with Abram—by *changing his name.* God changed Abram's name to Abraham and Yoohwhoo—through her cherubim—changes Jacob's name to Israel. If Israel is the "prince" then that makes [laughs] Yoo-know-Whoo the "King". At this point [laughs] the cherubim must've been just radiating happiness and relief. *"And Iacob asked, and saide, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name: and he said, Wherefore is it, that thou doest aske after my name? and he blessed him there."* And [laughs] of course, Jacob proceeds to get it backwards again: *"And Iacob called the name of the place Peniel"* Peniel, the face of God, *"for I haue seene God face to face, and my life is preserued. And as he passed ouer Peniel, the sunne rose vpon him, and he halted vpon his thigh. Therefore the children of Israel eate not of the sinewe which shranke, which is vpon the hollow of the thigh, vnto this day: because hee touched the hollow of Iacobs thigh, in the sinewe that shranke."* Okay, chapter thirty-three. *"And Iacob lifted vp his eyes, and looked, and beholde, Esau came, and with him foure hundreth men:"* Which scares the you-know-what out of Jacob and whenever Jacob gets scared, what does Jacob do? If you guessed "dividing," you win the prize: *"and hee diuided the children vnto Leah, and vnto Rachel, and vnto the two handmaids. And he put the handmaides, and their children foremost, and Leah and her children after, and Rachel and Ioseph hindermost."* [laughs] Jacob brings a whole new meaning to the phrase "women and children first." "Maybe while Esau is busy killing Bilhah and Zilpah and Dan and Naphtali and Gad and Asher and Leah and Reuben and Simeon and Levi and Judah and Issachar and Zebulun and Dinah, that will give Rachel and Joseph and I a chance to escape." [laughs] Fortunately, even Jacob isn't *that* much of a coward. And that means [laughs] it's time for Plan D: *"And hee passed ouer before them, and bowed himselfe to the ground seuen times, untill hee came neere to his brother."* Of course all of Jacob's worrying, like all of Yoohwoo's worrying—which is God's larger point—turns out to be for nothing. *"And Esau ran to meete him, and imbraced him, and fell on his necke, and kissed him, and they wept. And he lift vp his eyes, and sawe the women, and the children, and said, Who are those to thee? And he said, The children which God hath graciously giuen thy seruant."* And *that* part would have made God *very* happy. It is only God Who decides who gets children and Who decides which children they get. *"Then the handmaidens came neere; they and their children, and they bowed themselues. And Leah also with her children came neere, and bowed themselues; and after came Ioseph neere and Rachel, and they bowed themselues. And he said, What is all this band to thee, which I met? And he said, to find grace in the sight of my lord. And Esau said, I haue enough; my brother, bee that to thee that thine. And Iacob saide, Nay, I pray thee: if now I haue found grace in thy sight, then receiue my present at my hand: for therefore I haue seene thy face, as though I had seene the face of God, and thou wast pleased with me. Take, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee; because God hath dealt graciously with me, and because I haue enough: and he urged him and he tooke."* And it's true. Even Yoohwhoo would have to admit that God had dealt graciously with Jacob considering how many bad things Jacob had done over the years. And Esau was the same, not nursing any grudge, the elder was pleased with the younger. Jacob himself says that Esau is looking at Jacob just the way the cherubim was looking at Jacob when the cherubim had gotten Jacob's blessing for Yoohwhoo that Yoohwhoo so desperately needed to get. Yoohwhoo knew how pleased she was with *that*, so that tells her just how pleased the elder is with the younger. Okay, and then the next part gets confusing the same way that the conversation between Jacob and the cherubim was confusing—and probably for the same reason. There was no real difference between Jacob and the cherubim and there's no real difference between Jacob and Esau except that one has the covenant with God and with Yoohwhoo and the other one doesn't. So, try and figure out for yourself who the "he's" are referring to: *"And he said, Let vs take our iourney, and let vs goe, and I will goe before thee. And hee said vnto him, My lord knoweth, that the children are tender, and the flockes and heards with yong are with mee: and if men should ouer-driue them one day, all the flocke will die. Let my lord, I pray thee, passe ouer before his seruant, and I will leade on softly, according to the foot of the children, until I come vnto my lord vnto Seir."* The point is that whether or not you have a covenant with Yoohwhoo or with God or whether you're a pagan, some things just hold true. *One* of those things is that you have to slow your pace to the least developed in your group. If your sheep have lambs, you can only go as fast as the lambs can go. If you have small children, you can only go as fast as the small children can go. God's point is that this holds true for Yoohwhoo and for man. God isn't going to "over-drive" Yoohwhoo *or* "over-drive" man because God is perfectly aware that both Yoohwhoo and men are far less developed than God is. Yoohwhoo and men are infants, lambs compared to God. Far from falling upon them and "smiting the mother upon the children," God is perfectly content to go just as slow as Yoohwhoo *needs* to go—and as slow as *man* needs to go—in "wrestling" and trying to figure things out. In fact, when it comes to the elder addressing the younger, and putting the younger's mind at rest about "taking thy daughters from thee by force" or "smiting the mother upon the children": *"And Esau said, Let me now place with thee of the folke that are with me: And hee said, Wherefore is this? Let me finde grace in the sight of my lord."* Esau is saying to Jacob what God is saying to Yoohwhoo, "These are *more* than my daughters and my sons—these are my *creations*—but here, let me give them to you, entrust them into your care." To which Jacob *and* Yoohwhoo reply, "Wherefore is this?" To which Esau and God reply, "Let me find grace in the sight of my lord." The elder is still serving the younger. But, of course, it isn't *all* sweetness and light. Esau is a pagan. Any seed that isn't Abraham's, that isn't called after Isaac is basically born to oppose whoever has the covenant with God and with Yoohwhoo, which is Jacob and Jacob's seed. To say the least, its not the best idea to mix Esau's children with Jacob's children. *"So Esau returned that day, on his way vnto Seir. And Iacob iourneyed to Succoth, and built him an house, and made booths for his cattell: therefore the name of the place is called Succoth."* That is, booths. *"And Iacob came to Shalem, a citie of Shechem which is in the land of Canaan, when he came from Padan Aram, and pitched his tent before the Citie. And he bought a parcel of a field where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money. And hee erected there an Altar, and called it El-Elohe-Israel."* God, the God of Israel. Right in the middle of Yoohwhoo's garden. So, you know that has to lead to some trouble.

OH AYE-- HEH HEH HEH ONE OF YOUR QUESTIONS HERE
(WHERE IS IT AGAIN, NOW?)
AH!
"WHAT WAS GOING ON IN CEREBUS' PERSONAL LIFE WHILE HE WAS WRITING HIS COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOKS OF MOSHE?"
WELL... YOU KNOW... WHEN YOU ASK ABOUT CEREBUS' PERSONAL LIFE ANY TIME AFTER THE YEAR ONE ANY DAY YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT WAS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME:
"PRAYER." "SLEEP."
"LISTENING TO RECITATIONS OF THE BOOK OF RICK..."
"...THE BOOK OF CEREBUS..."
"AND THE BOOKS OF MOSHE HERE IN THE SANCTUARY..."
THEN GOING OUT AND WATCHING HOUSES BEING BUILT."
HEH HEH
BUT, OF COURSE, YOU'RE A WRITER! YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ALL THAT BORING STUFF!... SO CEREBUS TRIED TO REMEMBER ANY-THING THAT A WRITER WOULD FIND INTERESTING. ...AND THE ONLY THING CEREBUS COULD THINK OF WAS THE DAY THAT THEY INSTALLED THE FLOOR-TO-CEILING MIRRORS IN THE ENTRYWAY (WHICH HAPPENED RIGHT AROUND THE TIME THAT RACHEL WAS GIVING BIRTH TO BEN-JAMIN) (WHICH IS WHY CEREBUS STUCK THAT NOTE IN AROUND CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE OF BOOK ONE) SEE -- BECAUSE WHEN CEREBUS WENT OUT TO APPROVE THE WORK (WHICH CER-EBUS DID RIGHT AWAY: THEY DID A BEAUTIFUL JOB) CEREBUS WAS REMINDING HIMSELF THAT HE WAS WORKING ON CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE, WHICH CEREBUS HAD TO KEEP REMIND-ING HIMSELF BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE WORK-MEN LEFT ALL CEREBUS COULD DO FOR THE REST OF THE DAY WAS TO JUST STAND THERE AND STARE AT JUST. HOW. HUGE CEREBUS' BUTT HAD GOTTEN.
HAWHA! IT'S TRUE! CEREBUS JUST STOOD THERE THINKING: 'SO! CEREBUS' TOILET SEAT DIDN'T SHRINK!'


"CREAM SAUCES!" CEREBUS REALIZED -- THE LEGION OF JOANNE WANNABE'S HAD "GOTTEN" CEREBUS BY DRENCHING EVERY ONE OF CEREBUS' BREAKFASTS, LUNCHES AND DINNERS IN CREAM SAUCES! THIS REALLY IRRITATED CEREBUS -- FIRST, BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD BEEN EXPECTING THE WOMEN TO TRY AND "FULL" SOMETHING ON HIM (a) BECAUSE CEREBUS WOULDN'T MARRY ANY OF 'EM (b) BECAUSE CEREBUS KEPT THE "CLEANSING OF THE LAND" TRADITION AND (c) BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD AUTHORIZED THE BUILDING OF FRUITCAKE PARK) AND SECOND, BECAUSE IT WAS A TRICK THAT HAD FOOLED CEREBUS BEFORE.
HGGH
TUMP
"WELL..." (CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF)
"...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"
PUFF
PUFF
"...CRY ABOUT IT?"
SO CEREBUS SWUNG INTO ACTION!
PUFF
HGGH
TUMP
PUFF
PUFF
STARTING A RIGOROUS PROGRAM...
PUFF


...OF SIT-UPS.
NGHHHH
ONE HUNDRED A DAY.
JUST LIKE IN THE ARMY.
TUMP
AS BEAR USED TO SAY
"SIT-UPS TAKE CARE OF THE (WATTYAYACALL) FRONT END OF THE PROBLEM..."
PUFF.
PUFF.
"...AND CLIMBING STAIRS TAKES CARE OF THE (WATTYAYACALL)..."
PUFF
"...BACK END OF THE PROBLEM."
AND VEGETABLES.
CRUNCH
CERBERUS CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE HE READ IT, BUT HE READ SOMEWHERE THAT THAT THERE ARE ABSOLUTELY NO CALORIES IN VEGETABLES SO YOU CAN EAT UNLIMITED AMOUNTS AND NEVER GAIN WEIGHT.
CRUNCH
SO--AFTER ORDERING UNLIMITED AMOUNTS OF VEGETABLES AND LEAVING STRICT INSTRUCTIONS THAT CERBERUS DIRECT ORDERS WERE ONLY TO BE FOLLOWED IF HE GAVE THEM ON FOUR CONSECUTIVE DAYS, CERBERUS...PARDON?
CRUNCH
OH! HEH-HEH...SEE: WHEN YOU'RE FIFTY POUNDS OVERWEIGHT AND YOU HAVE TO DO A HUNDRED SIT-UPS A DAY AND CLIMB EIGHTEEN FLIGHTS OF STEPS A DAY AND ALL YOU ALLOW YOURSELF TO EAT IS RABBIT FOOD AND (AT THE SAME TIME) YOUR WORD IS ABSOLUTE LAW...
CRUNCH
YOU DO GET THESE... URGES... TO HAVE GUYS...UH... SKINNED ALIVE OR UH DRAWN AND QUARTERED FOR (YOU KNOW) "DUSTING TOO LOUD" AND UH STUFF LIKE THAT.
CRUNCH
URGES WHICH...FORTUNATELY! GO AWAY AFTER THREE OR FOUR DAYS.
CRUNCH
MOST OF THE TIME.
CRUNCH


ANYWAY...
WHEN YOU ASK ABOUT CEREBUS' PERSONAL LIFE
THAT'S WHAT COMES TO MIND:
THE YEAR-LONG BREAK THAT CEREBUS TOOK FROM HIS COMMENTARIES
TO GET BACK IN SHAPE.
FINALLY!
BEING ABLE TO STAND IN FRONT OF THAT SAME MIRROR...
REMEMBERING WHAT KONIGSBERG SAID TO ONE OF HIS SISTERS AFTER SHE TOLD HIM, "YOU'RE LOOKING SVELTE THESE DAYS!"
"SVELTE?" (HE SAID)
"I'M FORTY-SIX YEARS OLD."
"ON A GOOP DAY I CAN MANAGE (MAYBE) 'GAUNT.'"

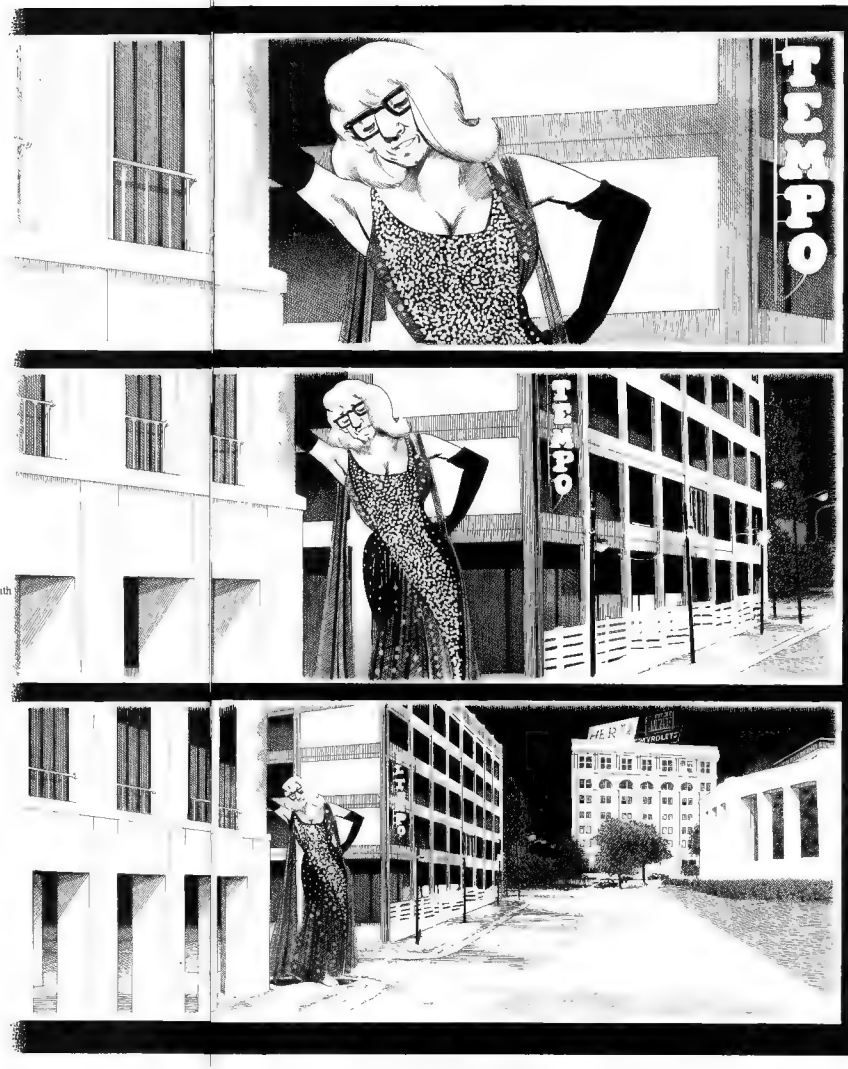


Okay. Chapter thirty-four. *"And Dinah the daughter of Leah, which shee bare vnto Iacob, went out to see the daughters of the land."* We're back in Yoohwhoo's garden and the reference to "daughters of the land" is a sure sign that, here, God intends to deal with the matter of Yoohwhoo's use of the cherubim and the flaming sword to "protect" God's "daughters" from God, and Yoohwhoo's defence that she thought "peradventure thou wouldst take by force thy daughters from me." And, because God is dealing with the "daughters" issue, He uses the only daughter of Jacob to make His point, since Yoohwhoo obviously doesn't understand what she did wrong. You can tell this is important because God even goes so far as to describe Dinah as *Leah's* daughter, which is real "way of the Yoohwhoo" stuff. So, Dinah "went out to see the daughters of the land." *"And when Shechem the sonne of Hamor the Hiuite, prince of the countrey saw her, he tooke her, and lay with her, and humbled her. And his soule clawe vnto Dinah the daughter of Iacob, and hee loued the damsell, and spake to her heart. And Shechem spake vnto his father Hamor, saying Get mee this damsel to wife."* What God is saying is that using a cherubim and a flaming sword to keep God away from God's "daughters" and to keep men away from the tree of life—because Yoohwhoo loved God's "daughters" and was afraid that God was going to take them away by force and had decided that men were evil—was just plain wrong. It was just plain wrong in the same way that it's wrong for a guy to just grab a woman and hump her because he's decided that he's in love with her, as Shechem did with Dinah. You can't do something wrong to someone and then make it right just by saying that you did it out of love—because your soul "clave" to that person—which is what Yoohwhoo thinks excuses what she did with Hawwa and her daughters. *"And Iacob heard that he had defiled Dinah his daughter (now his sonnes were with his cattel in the field) and Iacob held his peace vntill they were come. And Hamor the father of Shechem went out vnto Iacob to commune with him. And the sonnes of Iacob came out of the field when they heard, and the men were grieued: and they were very wroth, because hee had wrought folly in Israel, in lying with Iacob's daughter: which thing ought not to be done."* These are all the sons of Jacob, Yoohwhoo *and* God's representatives in the story, and they're all in agreement. Wrong is wrong. What God is saying is that using the cherubim and the flaming sword was in that same category—it was a thing which ought not to be done. *"And Hamor communed with them, saying, The soule of my sonne Shechem longeth for your daughter: I pray you giue her him to wife. And make ye marriages with vs, and giue your daughters vnto vs, and take our daughters vnto you."* See, even Yoohwhoo has to see how wrong this is at this point. Shechem *raped* Dinah—which was *wrong*—but he wants to just leave that fact aside and discuss inter-marriage. Which is what Yoohwhoo wants to do with the question of the cherubim and the flaming sword. To leave aside imprisoning God's "daughters" and casting out his "sons" and just dealing with the fact that Yoohwhoo was afraid that God would take his "daughters" away from Yoohwhoo by force. The fact that you think you had a right reason for doing something wrong doesn't make doing something wrong right. This also ties in with the previous chapter and Esau saying to Jacob, "Let me now place with thee of the folk that are with me." On the *one* hand, it's a nice brotherly gesture, but on the *other* hand, Esau intentionally took a wife of the daughters of Heth, intentionally set himself in opposition to the Abraham and Isaac covenant. The fact that he got away with it, the fact that Jacob just accepted Esau's pagan children, is something that God wants to call Jacob—and his sons'—attention to. They have to take the Covenant more seriously and pay attention when someone tries "sneaking in under the fence". Having someone rape your daughter and then want to sit down and discuss an inter-marriage program with you [laughs] is a pretty good way of making the point. *"And ye shall dwell with vs, and the land shall be before you: dwell and trade you therein, and get you possessions therein. And Shechem said vnto her father, and vnto her brethren, Let mee finde grace in your eyes..."* Which was Esau's exact phrase in trying to "infiltrate" the covenant people with his own pagan offspring. *"...and what yee shall say vnto me, I will giue. Aske mee neuer so much dowrie and gift, and I will giue according as yee shall say vnto mee: but giue me the damsel to wife."* Not only did Shechem *rape* Dinah, now he wants to haggle over the price he's going to pay for her. [laughs] If that doesn't give Jacob and his sons second thoughts about inter-marriage, nothing will. *"And the sonnes of Iacob answered Shechem, and Hamor his father deceitfully, and said, because he had defiled Dinah their sister. And they saide vnto them, Wee cannot doe this thing, to giue our sister to one that is vncircumcised: for that were a reproch vnto vs. But in this will we consent vnto you: If ye will be as we, that euery male of you be circumcised: Then wil we giue our daughters vnto you, and we wil take your daughters to vs, and we will dwell with you, and we will become one people."* Which is about the stupidest thing they could have done. God is trying to warn them about non-covenant nations trying to put one over on them and what do they do? They use the *sign* of their covenant with God, the *circumcision*, to try and fool the Hivites! *"But if ye will not hearken vnto vs, to be circumcised, then will we take our daughter, and we will be gone. And their words pleased Hamor, and Shechem Hamors sonne."* [laughs] No doubt, eh? *"And the yong man deferred not to doe the thing, because he had delight in Iacob's daughter: and he was more honourable then all the house of his father."* The guy's a rapist and he's "more honourable than all the house of his father" which gives you a rough idea of how honourable the house of his father was. *"And Hamor and Shechem his sonne came vnto the gate of their citie, and communed with the men of their citie, saying: These men are peaceable with vs, therefore let them dwel in the land, and trade therein: for the land, behold, it is large enough for them: let vs take their daughters to vs for wiues, and let vs giue them our daughters. Onely herein will the men consent vnto vs, for to dwell with vs to be one people, if euery male among vs bee circumcised, as they are circumcised. Shall not their cattell, and their substance, and euery beast of theirs bee ours?"* This is the natural result of Jacob marrying pagan wives *and* stealing all of Laban's cattle. Jacob *deserves* to go through this. *"...onely let vs consent vnto them, and they will dwell with vs. And vnto Hamor and vnto Shechem his sonne, hearkened all that went out of the gate of his citie; and euery male was circumcised, all that went out of the gate of his citie. And it came to pass on the thirde day when they were sore, that two of the sonnes of Iacob, Simeon and Levi, Dinahs brethren, tooke each man his sword and came vpon the citie boldly, and slew all the males."* Simeon and Levi—"hearing" and "joined"—prove themselves to be real "sons of Yoohwhoo," like the cherubim slaying all the men and saving the women alive. *"And they slew Hamor and Shechem his sonne, with the mouth of the sword, and tooke Dinah out of Shechems house, and went out."* Dinah was in Shechem's house the whole time! Can you imagine what she must've been going through? You would think even someone as thick-witted as Yoohwhoo would *have* to understand at that point: you can't keep people as if they're possessions. [thinks] [laughs] But, not only doesn't *Yoohwhoo* get it: *"The sonnes of Iacob came vpon the slaine, and spoiled the citie, because they had defiled their sister. They tooke their sheepe, and their oxen, and their asses, and that which in the citie, and that which in the field. And all their wealth,"* And, [laughs] get *this: "and all their little ones, and their wiues took*

they captive, and spoiled euen all that in the house." [laughs] How stupid is *that*? Let Cerebus answer for you: INCREDIBLY *stupid!* They had a slim chance—*if* they had killed every last man, woman and child –of keeping the covenant pure which had passed from Abraham to Isaac to Jacob and which is about to pass to Jacob's as-yet-unknown anointed son and instead—*instead!* they take themselves a bunch pagan wives and, (assuming that the "males" referred only to adult males and that the "little ones" referred to girls *and* boys) newly circumcised little pagan boys who will grow into big pagan circumcised husbands and big pagan circumcised fathers! Basically, Jacob and his sons take the trick they've just played on the Hivites—*of fooling the Hivites into believing that they're interested in inter-marrying with them* and then basically play their own trick on *themselves* by actually *taking Hivite wives*! [laughs] That'll show those tricky Hivites! [laughs] Congratulations, Jacob, you've just made one of the nations which is bent on your destruction part of your covenant with God! Good ol' Jacob has a completely (dangles his hand from a limp wrist) Jacob-like reaction. *"And Iacob said to Someon and Leui, Ye haue troubled me to make me to stinke among the inhabitants of the land, amongst the Canaanites, and the Perizzites and I being few in number, they shall gather themselues together against me, and slay, me, and I shall be destroyed,* and when he realizes that that sounds maybe a weeee bit selfish [thunks] as well as *cowardly*, he adds, *"I and my house. And they said, Should hee deale with our sister, as with an harlot?"* And that's the end of the chapter [laughs] No point in waiting for an answer from Jacob. Okay. Now, chapter thirty-five *"And God said vnto Iacob, Arise, goe vp to Bethel, and dwel there: and make there an Altar vnto God, that appeared vnto thee, when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother."* [thunking] [he's quiet a long time] This part gets really serious. God isn't joking any more with the well and the stone on top of the well, joking about an anointed rock being God's house. God wants Jacob to build an actual altar. God knows that He didn't appear to Jacob in Luz—that was Yoohwhoo supplanting God, all part of the joke from God's standpoint. Altars and anointing rocks—that's Yoohwhoo stuff. A joke to God. [thinks] Joke's over. You can tell that Jacob knows that this is suddenly serious business, too. *"Then Iacob said vnto his household, and to all that were with him, Put away the strange gods that are among you, and bee cleane, and change your garments, And let vs arise, and goe vp to Bethel, and I will make there an Altar vnto God, who answered me in the day of my distresse, and was with me in the way which I went."* And that's certainly true. Jacob is the supplanter and the younger, but God has been with him every step of the way. *"And they gaue vnto Iacob all the strange gods which in their hand, and all their eare-rings which in their eares, and Iacob hid them under the oke which was by Shechem."* Remember the trees are all "he's"—"of God". *"And they iourneyed: and the terrour of God was vpon the cities that were round about them, and they did not pursue after the sonnes of Iacob."* [whistles appreciatively] That's the first time *that's* happened since Yoohwhoo made her covenant with Abraham way back in chapter fifteen when *"an horrour of great darkenesse fell vpon him."* Only this time, it doesn't happen to just one guy, it happens to *whole cities*. The joke is... *definitely*...over. *"So Iacob came to Luz, which in the land of Canaan (that Bethel) hee and all the people that with him. And hee built there an Altar, and called the place El-Bethel."* The God of the House of God [nervous laugh] Just, you know, so there's no mistake about Who that is. *"...because there God appeared vnto him, when he fled from the face of his brother. But Deborah Rebekahs nurse died, and she was buried beneath Bethel vnder an oke: and the name of was called Allon Bachuth."* Which translates as the Oak of Weeping. There'll be a lot of weeping for a lot of oaks before this one is through, boy. Rebekah's nurse. Rebekah's nurse goes back to before "hubba hubba" time. *"And God appeared vnto Iacob againe, when he came out of Padan Aram, and blessed him. And God said vnto him, Thy name is Iacob: thy name shall not bee called any more Iacob, but Israel shall bee thy name, and he called his name Israel."* Of course, that was the name that Yoohwhoo's cherubim gave him. The fact that God is going along with the name change is [thinks]...well, let's just say that it's not the best possible news for everyone concerned. *'And God saide vnto him, I am God Almightie: be fruitful and multiply: a nation and a company of nations shall be of thee, and Kings shall come out of thy loynes. And the land which I gaue Abraham, and Isaac, to thee I will giue it, and to thy seed after thee will I giue the land. And God went vp from him, in the place where he talked with him."* Basically God is echoing Yoohwhoo's covenant, signaling that this a new beginning even though Jacob has already been as fruitful as Jacob is going to get. So, Yoohwhoo is getting what she wanted. Her covenant, her way. What she *thinks* she wants. But as [lost in a memory] as Cerebus once told someone, "You can get what you want..." [long pause] "...and still not be very happy." *"And Iacob set vp a pillar in the place where he talked with him, a pillar of stone: and hee powred a drinke offering thereon, and he powred oile thereon. And Iacob called the name of the place where God spake with him, Bethel. And they iourneyed from Bethel: and there was but a litle piece of ground to come to Ephrath:"* A very little piece of ground, a very small distance between Bethel and Ephrath-Bethlehem. A very small distance between doing what's right and doing what's wrong. *"...and Rachel trauelled, and she had hard labour."* *This* is what has made everything suddenly very, very, very serious. *This* is what the Oak of Weeping is about. *This* is what the death of Rebekah's nurse is about, the giant step back to before "hubba hubba" time.

Yoohwhoo told God to make Rachel pregnant again.

Exactly the wrong thing to do—*exactly* the giant step backwards from "good judgment" to "bad judgment" that God wanted Yoohwoo to avoid, the giant step backwards to the "bad old days" in the garden, the "bad old days" of Yoohwhoo giving men and women the impression that Yoohwhoo makes women pregnant. The giant step backwards of wanting Jacob to have an elder *and* a *younger* son with Rachel. *And it came to passe when shee was in hard labour, that the midwife said vnto her, Feare not: thou shalt haue this sonne also."* "Fear not" That's Yoohwhoo speaking through the midwife, of course. "Fear not". It's hard to imagine anything *stupider* that *anyone* could have said to Rachel under the circumstances. It starts thousands of years of fear and suffering for your people [he looks over at Konigsberg who has draped his blanket over both shoulders and is lost in some strange fantasy of his own, smiling mysteriously] [Cerebus sighs] *all of which* could have been avoided just by Yoohwhoo leaving well enough alone, just by leaving Joseph as the only son of Jacob and Rachel, a living symbol that there is only One God. One God who decides who gets pregnant and who doesn't. One. Short. *Stupid.* Piece. Of ground. And that's *all* that ends up separating Beth-*El* --the House of God—from Beth-*lehem*. The House of *bread*. Yoohwhoo's curse on men: *"In the sweate of thy face shalt thou eate bread."* [shakes his head at the stupidity of it all] "Fear not," the midwife says. That must've been a great comfort to Rachel as she's lying there, dying in childbirth. *"And it came to passe as her soul was in departing, (for she died) that she called his name Ben-oni."* "The Son of my Sorrow." Which is very apt. Very apt. An answer to the



midwife saying "Fear not." And the next step back from Yoohwhoo's curse on men "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" - to Yoohwhoo's curse on women "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Rachel wasn't *afraid*. Rachel was *unhappy*. Bitterly, bitterly *unhappy*. She didn't know *why* she was unhappy - how could she know? It wasn't *Rachel's* idea to defy God. Rachel didn't *know* she was defying God. Defying God was Yoohwhoo's idea. Yoohwhoo's only concern was that Rachel give birth to a second son. Yoohwoo couldn't care less about Rachel or about anyone. Yoohwhoo thinks they're all evil. But Rachel was the one who had to suffer for Yoohwhoo's choice. "... *but his father called him Benjamin*." The son of the right hand." Again, very apt. Very appropriate. God was doing what he was committed to do—to make everything happen exactly as Yoohwhoo wanted it to happen. No matter how unbelievably horribly bad a choice Yoohwhoo had made, God would fulfill it. God's right hand created Benjamin, as God's right hand creates everyone. *'And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which Bethlehem. And Iacob set a pillar vpon her graue: that is the pillar of Rachels graue vnto this day. And Israel iourneyed and spread his tent beyond the towre of Edar. And it came to passe when Israel dwelt in that land, that Reuben went & lay with Bilhah his fathers concubine: and Israel heard."* Like ripples on a pond, the bad decisions start to spread outward from Yoohwhoo's bad decision to have God make Rachel pregnant.

Really bad decisions, like Jacob's first born son, his natural heir, choosing to sleep with his father's concubine. Bad, bad, bad decisions. *'Now the sonnes of Iacob were twelue.* And then it goes on to name the twelve sons grouped with their mothers. *"And Iacob came vnto Isaac his father vnto Mamre, vnto the citie of Arbah (which is Hebron) where Abraham and Isaac sometimes sojourned. And the dayes of Isaac were an hundred and fourescore yeeres.* One hundred and eighty. Like the one hundred and eighty degrees that make up *half* of a circle. *And Isaac gaue vp the ghost and died, and was gathered vnto his people being old and full of dayes: and his sonnes Esau and Iacob buried him.*

Okay, next there's chapter thirty-six. Chapter thirty-six is a strange one since it documents the generations of Esau. All of Esau's pagan sons and pagan wives. What Cerebus figures is that Jacob was pretty lost with the death of Rachel and then the death of Isaac immediately after. Lost and probably worried that he had offended God. Otherwise why would God allow his wife—the wife he loved more than anyone—to be taken away from him? And then to have his father, Isaac, taken away right after Jacob had returned to him? Of course it had nothing to do with Rachel or Isaac or Jacob. They just happened to be the ones who had to bear the result of *Yoohwhoo* defying God and making the giant backward step to the "bad old days" in the garden. [thinks] Of course, it was *partly* their fault for calling on the name of the Yoohwhoo—that's really the source of all of the trouble. But *they* don't know that. But, the way Cerebus figured it, Jacob must've thought that he had offended God by supplanting his older brother and tricking him out of his birthright and his blessing. That, he figured, was why he had lost Rachel and Isaac pretty much at the same time. And being a good guy, he tried to make amends by incorporating Esau and his descendants into the story. It doesn't work, of course. There's just this one genealogy of Esau's pagan sons and Esau's pagan sons' pagan sons and Esau's pagan wives and then that's the end of it. Isaac's covenant passed to *Iacob*. Jacob can't "undo" that or add to it just because he starts to feel guilty a few years down the road. There's only *one* story, there's only *one* covenant holder.

Yoohwhoo *attempts* to start off chapter thirty-seven with *"And Iacob dwelt in the land of his fathers sojournings, in the land of Canaan. These the generations of Iacob."* figuring that that's the way the story is going to be told from now on: first *Esau's* generations, then *Iacob's*. God has other plans. *Ioseph being seuenteene yeeres old, was feeding the flocke with his brethren, and the lad was with the sonnes of Bilhah, and with the sonnes of Zilpah his fathers wiues.* This is pretty abrupt, but, as Cerebus said, the joke's over. God is basically classifying Jacob's concubines as wives, which means that Jacob, the younger being, is in violation of the oath that God made him commit to, speaking through Laban, back in chapter thirty-one, *"If thou shalt afflict my daughters, or if thou shalt take wiues beside my daughters..."* So, now we get to find out what the consequences of violating that oath are. This is bad news for Yoohwhoo any way you slice it, so she tries to get a jump on things with: *"... and Ioseph brought vnto his father their euill report."* You know, *Bad* Bilhah, *Bad* Zilpah, *Bad* sons of Bilhah, *Bad* sons of Zilpah. But, of course, the sons of Bilhah are "judging" and "wrestling" —God judging Yoohwhoo's wrestling— and the sons of Zilpah are "a troop" and "happy". Yoohwhoo's tendency to come up with crazy ideas because it makes her happy. So God just ignores her and continues with *"Now Israel loued Ioseph more then all his children, because he was the sonne of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loued him more then all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speake peaceably vnto him."* Well, right away, Yoohwhoo identifies herself with Joseph since Yoohwhoo is convinced that everyone should love Yoohwhoo. The idea that everyone hates her because God loves her more than God loves anyone, well, that's something Yoohwhoo hadn't considered but, to Yoohwhoo, that would make perfect sense. Likewise that *God* would be hated because *Yoohwhoo* loves God more than she loves anyone else. *'And Ioseph dreamed a dreame, and he told it his brethren, and they hated him yet the more. And he said vnto them, Heare, I pray you this dreame which I haue dreamed. For behold: wee were binding sheaues in the field, and loe: my sheafe arose, and also stood vpright, and behold your sheaues stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheafe.* This would make perfect sense to Yoohwhoo as well. Everyone should worship Yoohwhoo and everyone should worship God because—whichever one is the father and whichever one is the son—*they're both better than everyone else*, in Yoohwhoo's mind since, in Yoohwhoo's mind, *everyone else is evil. "And his brethren saide to him: Shalt thou indeed reigne ouer vs? or shalt thou indeed haue dominion ouer vs? and they hated him yet the more for his dreames, and for his words. And hee dreamed yet another dreame, and told it his brethren, and said: Behold I haue dreamed a diuine more: and behold, the sunne and the moone, and the eleuen starres made obeisance to me. And he told to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said vnto him, What this dream that thou hast dreamed? shal I, and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow downe our selues to thee, to the earth?"* This is *definitely* an interesting idea as far as Yoohwhoo is concerned, because it suggests that Jacob represents the sun and Rache, represented the moon, Joseph represents the earth and Joseph's eleven brothers are the eleven stars. Should the sun and the moon and the eleven stars bow themselves to Yoonwhoo, to the earth? Another idea that Yoohwhoo hadn't considered. Yoohwhoo is sure that she's better than all these evil little beings crawling all over her and that *they* should worship her. But the sun? The moon? *"And his brethren enuied him."* Another interesting idea as far as Yoohwhoo is concerned. The eleven stars are *envious* of Yoonwhoo? Yoohwhoo's a female, remember. For a female there's nothing better than being *envied* by sombone else. The question is: how does that make

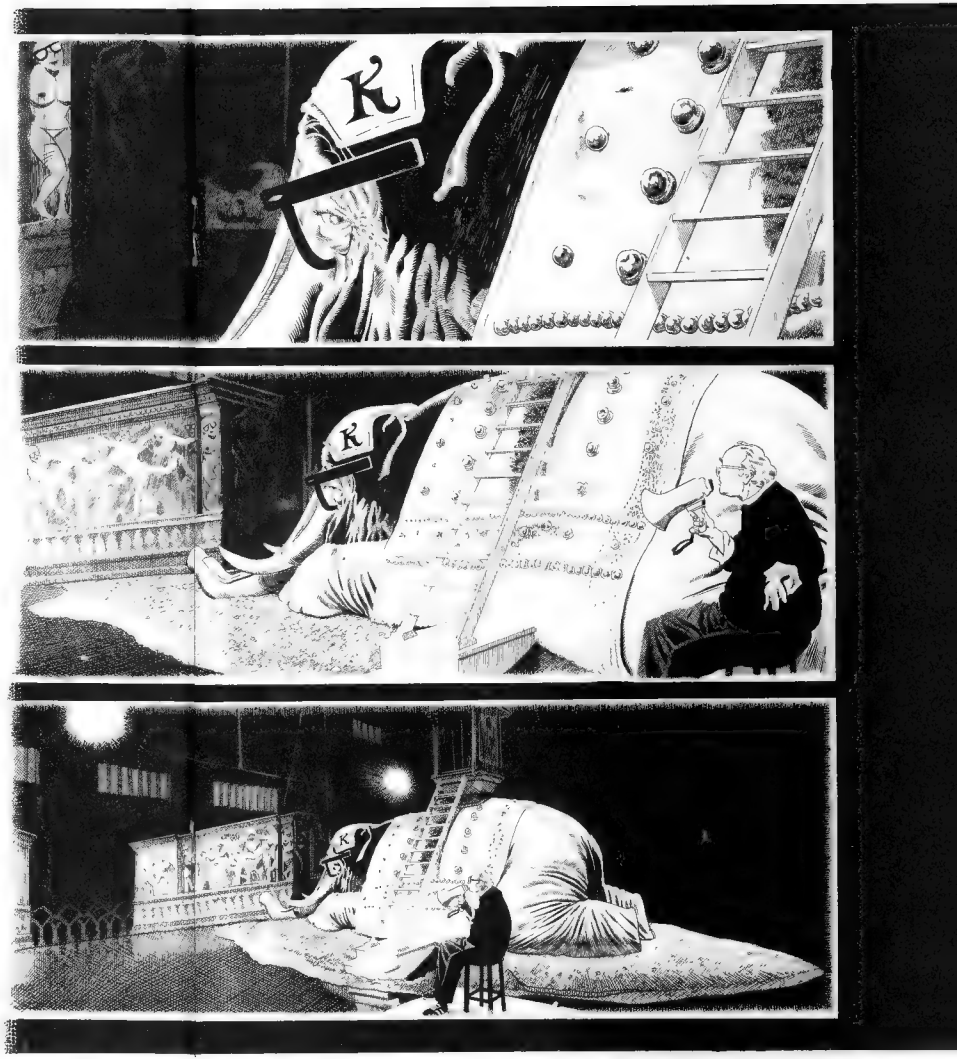
Yoohwhoo feel toward the eleven stars? "*…but his father observed the saying.*" [laughs] There's a lot there for *everyone* to think about. Cerebus pictures Jacob thinking to himself once he realized what he had just said, "Rachel and I were the moon and the sun? Joseph is the earth? And his eleven brothers are the eleven stars?" *"And his brethren went to feed their fathers flocke in Shechem."* Shechem, again [dripping irony] *There's* good news. *"And Israel saide vnto Ioseph Doe not thy brethren feed the flocke in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee vnto them & he said to him Here am I."* Joseph's a little slow on the uptake [laughs] probably still picturing his father—the sun—and his mother—the moon—and his brothers—the eleven stars—all bowing down and worshipping him. *And he said to him, Goe I pray thee, see the peace of thy brethren, and well with the flockes, and bring me word againe, so hee sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem And a certaine man found him, and behold hee was wandring in the field, and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seeke my brethren tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their."* He doesn't get a chance to finish. This is like the elder servant and Rebekah. He already *knows* what Joseph is going to ask and he's already answering Joseph before Joseph can finish speaking. *And the man said, They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let vs goe to Dothan. And Ioseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan And when they saw him a farre off, euen before he came neere vnto them, they conspired against him, to slay him."* Yoohwhoo knows this story! This is Cain and Hebel all over again! Only *this* time, instead of one Evil Brother representing God and one Good Brother representing Yoohwhoo—now there's Eleven Evil Brothers representing God and One Good Brother representing Yoohwhoo. *"And they said one to another, Behold, this master of dreames commeth. Come now therefore, and let vs slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some euill beast hath deuoured him and we shall see what will become of his dreames."* Yoohwhoo jumps into the story the only place that she sees that she fits (besides as Joseph) as the first born son of Jacob. Yoohwhoo, the "son of God" or God, "the son of Yoohwhoo" [laughs] Both of them are going to save Joseph. *And Reuben heard, and he deliuered him out of their hands, and said; Let vs not kill him And Reuben saide vnto them, Shed no blood, cast him into this pit that is in the wildernesse, and lay no hand vpon him, that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliuer him to his father againe*

Konigsberg

[in a strange New Sepran accent] *(Cerebus – I wasn't sure of the wording, so I've tried to spell everything phonetically. Me)* Yoose your acteeng skillce, Woo-dee. Pree-tand that Yoong-frow did not joost peetch side-wayce from dee chewellet *(jeweled?)* how-dah, down de stairce and into dee bottom-less peet. Pree-tand Yoong-frow is still seated in dee how-dah, Woo-dee, and gat up and march forward ma-jay-stick-ly We can feex it in dee add-itting wit a Yoong-frow like-a-look and com-pyoo-tare en-hance-ment [in his own voice] I can't, Mr. Fellini. I. I just *can't*

Cerebus

[after waiting a few seconds to make sure Konigsberg is all through] Which accomplishes what God wanted it to accomplish. Yoohwhoo intends to save the life of the beloved son and to deliver the beloved son safely into the custody of the father. Yoohwhoo doesn't recognize it, but she's basically acknowledging God's sovereignty over her, if she's God's "son" as she believes herself to be. So, it's a step in the right direction for Yoohwhoo. *"And it came to passe when Ioseph was come vnto his brethren, that they stript Ioseph out of his coate, his coat of many colours that on him And they tooke him and cast him into a pit."* Yoohwhoo is definitely absorbed in the story at this point and interrupts to add, *"And the pit empty, no water in it."* It's hard to tell if she understands what that means, but yes. Basically, it's a well—one of her beloved wells like Beer lahai roi—but there's no water in it. No water. Like a certain Yoohwhoo who ended up as a pillar of salt. *'And they sat downe to eat bread."* Which brings us all the way back to the present, to Bethlehem, to the House of bread, and back to the garden at the same time and Yoohwhoo's "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." *"and they lift vp their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery, & baulme, and myrrhe, going to cary down to Egypt."* Ishmaelites, descendants of Isaac's *elder* brother, the one in whose name Abraham's seed was *not* supposed to be called, the "wrong turn" two generations back. *"And Iudah saide vnto his brethren, What profit if we slay our brother, and conceale his blood? Come, and let vs sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand bee vpon him. for he is our brother, and flesh, and his brethren hearkened."* That must've been very tough on Yoohwhoo. See, Judah was Jacob's *fourth* son, *fourth* after Yoohwhoo's representatives, Reuben, Simeon and Levi. Yoohwhoo, therefore, is completely aware that Judah—"Praise"—out of all of the sons of Jacob is the one who *most closely* represents God in any story concerning Jacob's sons. And here, the brother who most closely represents God is proposing *selling into slavery* the brother that Yoohwhoo most identifies with. Not only that, he's making it sound as if he's doing something *good*. As if selling your brother into slavery is some big improvement on killing him. Which is part of God's point going back to the "daughters" argument. Captivity is wrong. It was wrong for Yoohwhoo to keep God's "daughters" away from God in the garden by means of the cherubim and the flaming sword. By having Judah describe Joseph as "our brother, and flesh," God is trying to get Yoohwhoo to see the connection between what the brothers are doing and what Yoohwhoo did—by reminding Yoohwhoo of *her own words* back in chapter six, *"My Spirit shall not always striue with man for that hee also flesh."* *"Then there passed by Midianites merchant men, and they drew and lift vp Ioseph out of the pit, and sold Ioseph to the Ishmeelites for twentie of siluer."* You know, bearing in mind that Judah is also, you know, *just* Judah—just a *man* who has made a very, very, very bad decision here (the bad decisions continue to ripple out across the pond)—it would really serve Judah right if one of *his* sons or some descendant of *his* gets sold for a handful of silver. " *and they brought Ioseph into Egypt And Reuben returned vnto the pit, and behold, Ioseph was not in the pit and he rent his clothes And hee returned vnto his brethren and said, The childe is not, and I whither shall I goe? And they tooke Iosephs coat, and killed a kid of the goats and dipped the coat in the blood."* Which refers back to the kids of the goats that Rebekah had used to deceive Isaac when Jacob usurped Esau's blessing. It's another deception, but there's no blessing to usurp this time. Not from Joseph, anyway. No one has any idea who Jacob's "anointed" son is going to turn out to be. Could be Joseph. Could be Judah. Could be any one of them. *And they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, This haue we found know now whether it bee thy sonnes coat or no. And he knew, and said, in, sonnes coat an euil beast hath deuoured him,* The "beast of the earth," that is. What God is saying here is that Yoohwhoo, by choosing



to direct God to make Rachel pregnant, by taking that giant leap backwards into "bad judgment," *that* part of Yoohwhoo that's just plain [searches for the right word] *...evil*. ...has devoured that part of Yoohwhoo that is God's "son". Or, more truthfully, the part of God's "*creation known as Yoohwhoo*" that God loved – the part that was at least trying to do "good judgment" for a while there. *"Ioseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Iacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth vpon his loines, & mourned for his sonne many dayes. And all his sonnes, and all his daughters."* Daughters, plural. Since Jacob, as far as we know, only had one daughter, this is obviously God's last word on the "daughters" argument. *"And all his sonnes and all his daughters rose vp to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and he said, For I will goe downe into the graue vnto my sonne, mourning. Thus his father wept for him."* See, *God* was Allon Bachuth. *God* was the "Oak of Weeping," mourning for Yoohwhoo, his "son" who was "rent in pieces" by Yoohwhoo's horrible decision, and the "piece" of Yoohwhoo, his "son" – the part of Yoohwhoo that at least *tried* to do "good judgment" – which had, as a result of Yoohwhoo's horrible decision, *died* and gone "down into the grave". *"And the Medanites sold him into Egypt vnto Potiphar, chiefe of the executioners, captaine of the guard."*

Chapter thirty-eight.

Me.

Uh, you said that I was supposed to remind you of something in chapter thirty-eight. The bracelets?

Cerebus

Oh, right. Thanks. Okay, Chapter thirty-eight. Having established Yoohwhoo's identification with Joseph—whatever happens to Joseph, whatever Joseph does is going to affect Yoohwhoo—that *also* holds true for the brother that *God* has identified *Himself* with. Which is, of course, Judah, the fourth son that came after he short: Reuben/Simeon/Levi. So, while Yoohwhoo bites her fingernails down to the quick waiting to find out what the chief of the executioners intends to do with Joseph, God has His own problems with what Judah gets up to. *"And it came to passe at that time that Iudah went downe from his brethren, and turned in to a certaine Adullamite whose name Hirah. And Iudah saw there a daughter of a certaine Canaanite, whose name was Shuah."* Which is the "way of the Yoohwhoo". You know, back to chapter six (again): *"That the sonnes of God saw the daughters of men, that they were faire, and they tooke them wiues of all which they chose."* Although [laughs] to say the *least*, Yoohwhoo isn't going to be happy about Judah going this route. The "*sons* of God" doing it, that was one thing. Yoohwhoo couldn't give two pins for *any* of the "sons of God" – they were just a convenient way to prove her point that you're supposed to leave your father and mother and cleave to your wife. But, in *this* part of the story, Judah *represents* God. There is only *one* representative of God in the story. There is only *one* Judah. The same way that *Isaac* represented God and *Rebekah* represented Yoohwhoo. But, the thing is, Judah *doesn't* go looking for *his* little yoohwhoo, the way Abraham's servant went looking for *Isaac's* little yoohwhoo-to-be and Jacob went looking for *his* little Yoohwhoo (and ended up with four of them). Far from it. Instead, like Esau, Judah just goes and finds the "daughter of a certain Canaanite". Basically, just some interchangeable pagan woman who catches his eye. Picture what *Rebekah's* reaction would've been if *Isaac* had done that, or *Rachel's* reaction if *Jacob* had done that. Multiply *that* reaction times, oh, say, a BAZILLION and you've got Yoohwhoo's reaction. *"...and he tooke her and went in vnto her. And she conceiued & bare a sonne, and he called his name Er."* Judah names the first born. *"And she conceiued againe, and bare a sonne, and shee called his name Onan."* Isn't that sweeeeet? Judah lets the interchangeable pagan woman name the second son. [laughs] Yoohwhoo's vegetables must've been boiling over at this point. *"And she yet againe conceiued and bare a sonne, and called his name Shelah: and he was at Chezib, when she bare him."* Okay, now take Yoohwhoo's reaction to God's representative in the story picking out some interchangeable pagan woman for a wife and multiply that by another BAZILLION each time they have a baby together. It isn't really a matter of *whether* Yoohwhoo is going to "blow," it's really a matter of *when*. *"And Iudah tooke a wife for Er his first borne, whose name Tamar."* [laughs] That does it. As Squinteye used to say, "That's all I can stands, I can't stands no more." *"And, Er Iudah's first borne was wicked in the sight of the Yoohwhoo, and the Yoohwhoo slew him. And Iudah said vnto Onan, goe in vnto thy brothers wife, and marrie her, and raise vp seed to thy brother. And Onan knew that the seed should not be his;"* Presumably because of the fact that his brother's widow was a pagan. Onan was a good guy who wanted to find a wife of his own who *wasn't* a pagan because he thought marrying pagan wives was wrong. *"...and it come to passe when he went in vnto his brothers wife, that he spilled it on the ground, least that hee should giue seed to his brother. And the thing which he did was euill in the eyes of the Yoohwhoo: wherefore he slew him also."*

Konigsberg:

[*Cerebus - I'm not sure* what *kind of a language this is—so, again, I've just tried to spell everything phonetically-Me*] Wöödy. Wöödy. Pay upp-mark-sam-het. Don't be such a dörr-han-tag. The *skarp* part of the nn goes against the grl's.. Hög hägre per-fekt. [in his own voice] I can't do this, Mr. Bergman...I...I. .

Cerebus

[again waits a few seconds to make sure Konigsberg is all through] Unfortunately for Onan, it was a no-win situation. Yoohwhoo was just going to wipe out anyone who thought they were going to pass on the seed of God's representative without Yoohwhoo's participation. *"Then said Iudah to Tamar his daughter in law. Remaine a widow at thy fathers house, til Shelah my sonne be growen: (for he said, Lest peraduenture he die also, as his brethren)."* [laughs] Judah must've figured that Tamar was some strange, deadly force of nature at that point. There *was* a strange force of nature at work, all right, but it wasn't Tamar. *"... and Tamar went and dwelt in her fathers house. And the dayes were multiplied, the daughter of Shuah Iudah's wife died and Iudah was comforted,"* God isn't pulling any punches at this point. That was a big part of Isaac and Rebekah getting together, remember? Isaac was "comforted" after his mother's death by his marriage to Rebekah? [laughs] *Judah* is comforted after the death of his *wife* when he *"went vp vnto his sheepe-shearers to Timnath, he and his friend Hirah the Adullamite.* [laughs] Doesn't look as if he's exactly desperate to find himself a new yoohwhoo, does it? *"And it was told Tamar, saying, Behold, thy father in law goeth vp to Timnath to sheare his sheep. And shee put her widowes garments off from her*

essay

Why Canada Slept

Part III

"When Americans believe that their vital interests are at stake and their security threatened, Canadians should have sense enough to recognize that Washington is a superpower with global concerns that are different from those of our small, weak nation."
J.L. Granatstein

"Preston Manning has spoken about the need to permit cross-party coalition building in Parliament—yet he is very quick to caution that Canadians don't want 'American-style' politics. But Canada is barely a functioning democracy at all: Its governmental structure, if described objectively, is far more similar to what we would expect in a corrupt African state with decades of one-party rule...Despite Canada's self-delusions, it is, quite simply, not a serious country anymore. It is a northern Puerto Rico with an EU sensibility. Canada has no desire to be anything but the United Nations' ambassador to North America, talking about the need to keep the peace around the world but doing nothing about it save for hosting countless academic conferences about how terrible America is."
Jonah Goldberg *The National Review* 25 November 02

There is a long history of cooperation between the Canadian and American military dating back to the First World War when American air crews based in Canada fought German submarines off Canada's coast. During the Second World War, the two countries signed an agreement that would allow troops from either country to operate in both Canada and the United States in the event of an emergency. It was also during the Second World War that U.S. troops built the Alaskan Highway which runs through Canada. Canadian and American troops trained for battle together as part of a combined unit known as the "Devil's Brigade". Canadian solders, wearing U.S. uniforms fought alongside American troops during the invasion of the Aleutian Islands in 1943, and many Canadian paratroops were trained on U.S. soil. It does not require extensive research to ascertain that there is a commonality of purpose which exists between the militaries of both countries and which is reflected in the civilian leadership in the United States—but not in the civilian leadership in Canada.

One of the leading causes of this otherwise wholly inexplicable schism is the undue influence which the province/quasi-nation of Quebec exerts upon the occupant of the PMO (Prime Minister's Office) out of deference to Quebec's (equally undue, in my view) perceived electoral "value" within this country (which I began to address in the last installment of this series). The net *effect* of this perceived leading *cause* is that Canada has been governed for the better part of thirty-five years by Quebecois politicians (Pierre Trudeau, Brian Mulroney and Jean Chrétien) all of whom have made the feeding of Quebec's nigh insatiable appetites and gluttőnous demands for political, social and economic appeasement a centerpiece of their respective tenures. In this, my country metaphorically resembles nothing so much as a Bad Marriage in which the shrewish, inept and materialistic Wife (Quebec) is fundamentally dissatisfied with every aspect of her union (including the very idea of the union itself) save one: that the union is able to provide her inept self with an infinitely higher standard of living than she could ever imagine—even in the wildest extremities of her feverish imagination—achieving on her own. So severe is the psychosis into which the Wife has descended as a result of being caught between the rock

of her own materialism and the hard place of her loathing for the union in which she finds herself that she has effectively dissociated into two separate personalities. The first personality, the Wife, is one big bundle of materialistic entitlements. As Canada's official Wife she feels herself entitled to a disproportionate share of the fruits of her much-despised union. In fact she feels herself entitled to anything which is not nailed down *Usque Mare Ad Mare* ("From Sea to Sea," Canada's Latin motto). In her Wifely view any government contract, any barrel of Federal pork which does not land in Quebec has been taken out of Quebec's Wifely share of things. Were the other inhabitants of the other nine provinces and three territories to strip-mine their domestic resources and reduce their populace to sackcloth and ashes and a bowl of thin gruel a day and FedEx everything else to Quebec City, the materialistic Wifely personality which is Quebec would be convinced that someone, somewhere was "holding out on her," and would not rest until she found out who and what and separated the latter from the former by tooth and claw. In her other personality she is the Ex-Wife, the Never-Was-A-Wife and/or the Soon-To-Be-Ex-Wife (he, she and it, if you will). In this personality she maintains all the trappings of a Divorcée, Virgin and/or Estranged Wife. She has her own legislature, her own flag, her own anthem and she insists that she be treated as a separate entity from Husband Canada in all particulars wherever and whenever they appear together as minor players on the international stage. The Husband Canada, being a great believer in "doing the right thing"—believing in unity as an inherent good and worth whatever sacrifice is required in order to maintain it—accepts the Wife's hallucinations at face value and actively keeps the marriage intact through ever larger incremental acts and gestures of capitulation to her whims and through ever more docile submission to her (let us call a spade a spade) blackmail.

[If my non-Canadian readers, at this point, are (as one) thinking to themselves, "Dump the bitch." I can assure you that—unlike my left-liberal-quasi-socialist-hollowed-out-ventriloquist-puppet-husband fellow citizens—I am in complete agreement. Considering that "the bitch" refuses even to sign the marriage contract (the Canadian constitution repatriated from Westminster *twenty years ago*), I can't imagine that it would be that difficult before whatever World Court the proceedings might be conducted.

Judge: Let me get this straight. You refused to sign the marriage contract, and you're here to claim *alimony*?]

This is, of course, nothing new in the world of marriages, but it is as unsound a policy on the national level as it is on a personal level. Husbands or countries who keep their unions intact through just such acts of degradation and who willingly submit themselves to these sorts of self-abasements achieve only two ends. One, they make themselves ridiculous in everyone's eyes but their own and two, they end up retreating, mentally, into a schizophrenic state founded entirely on fantasy as the only defence mechanism available to them (however inadequate) against the unacceptable reality in which they find themselves. Picture George and Martha in Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and you have an apt analogy of the state of relations between Canada and Quebec over the course of the last century and the beginning of this one.

How did this state of degradation and self-abasement come about? As with actual marriages, such dissolution on a national scale was not the work of a day.

My American readers who followed the recent events at the UN—as the United States sought support for its resolution mandating Iraqi cooperation with the terms imposed upon that country in 1991 by the UN itself—would have gotten a taste of that "Bad Marriage" quality in the actions of France as one of the permanent, veto-wielding members of the Security Council. At one level, there was communication…of a *kind*…going on. The American ambassador and his staff, Secretary of State Colin Powell and whomever else were involved in the negotiations to keep France from vetoing the American resolution were obviously talking and exchanging letters. Their conversation and letters would have consisted of words and phrases which have universally agreed-upon meanings. There is a foundational assumption in such negotiations that there exists a level of good faith that a resolution—an agreement—is possible and is being sought by all of the parties engaged in seeking it. But the problem, of course—that was faced by the Americans and which is faced on a daily basis by Canadians—is that the French, wherever they are found, do not function in that way. At all. Their goal is never to reach a resolution or an agreement. The goal of the French is to impede progress by whatever means is possible, however unlikely or ill-founded. You have an agreement with the French one day and the next day you don't. No earthly reason apart from the fact that it was possible for them to impede you and therefore they did. It is what the French do. Whomever it was that granted them status as a permanent veto-wielding member of the Security Council would, I hope, be writhing in the innermost concentric ring of Hell for his perfidy. Of course, in the current go-round, once the French had impeded the Americans every way that they possibly could by manufacturing an opposing viewpoint out of the intellectual and philosophical *matériel* which is always the first French preference—gossamer and pixy dust—and hav-

ing exhausted all available supplies of those so that everyone on the Security Council was, *finally,* allowed to vote, the vote was, of course, a unanimous 15-0. No veto wielded, no abstentions. Even *Syria* voted for the motion. In the days leading up to the vote—as happens in journalistic proximity to anything in which the French participate—all was dire gossamer forecasts and "fate hanging in the balance" pixy dust. It would be a "squeaker," a photo finish. It was, of course, a cakewalk. The French did everything they could to get in the way and stay in the way. And then voted *for* the resolution. And everyone was—as Canadians are, on a nearly daily basis, with our Bad French Marriage and our Bad French Prime Minister—left wondering:

"*What the f— was* that *all about?"*

And the answer is always the same. "That" was about the French. In anything where the French are involved it will *always* be about the French. Not in the way that *Americans* dominate the on-going international political and cultural dialogue. The American domination is a natural one, having as its foundation the inescapable success of the American experiment. American democracy *works better* than anyone else's. Americans have, as a result, greater freedom, greater material prosperity, a stronger military, a more vibrant economy and the only consistent *global* success in arts and entertainment and consumer goods worth mentioning and more success in any category that you care to name than does any nation. In any environment where one entity is that disproportionately successful and by such a wide margin, that entity will—as America does—dominate everyone's attention and, simultaneously, attract admiration, jealousy, affection, envy, resentment, loyalty and animosity and dominate the on-going international dialogue with its collective and individual ideas, political philosophies and thoughts. By contrast, whenever and wherever the French—*intermittently*—show up on everyone's radar screen it is not because of French ideas, French political philosophy, French thought. They haven't *got* any. Modern French ideas, French political philosophy and French thought—oxymorons all—are to the on-going international political and cultural dialogue of the global community what a five-pound bag of sugar is to the internal combustion engine. I suspect that the largest motivation behind France's compulsion to impede everything and everyone has its origins in the success of the American experiment. America is, after all, an *English*-speaking country. England brought forth America upon the North American continent—the "shining city on the hill". France brought forth Quebec, a parochial backwater whose contribution to the world is *poutine,* french fries covered in cheese and gravy.

You think *you* find that appalling. Imagine how culinary France feels about it.

But, to return to the subject at hand, "Why Canada Slept" can be attributed in no small part to Canada's on-going Bad Marriage to French Canada and to the French predisposition both to *being irritated* and to actively working to *irritate others,* to *being an impediment* and to *impeding others* as a way of life. After several centuries of dealing with the intransigent, unreasonable and unreasoning living French Impediment, a malaise has taken root in English Canada on a national scale which is not dissimilar to clinical depression. Just as the victim of clinical depression finds sanctuary in excessive sleep, so, in my view, did much of English Canada some decades ago enter into a somnambulant state so as to avoid not only *dealing* with Quebec, but to avoid having to even *think* about Quebec for extended periods of time (this condition has not, to say the least, been alleviated by the development of the acronym "ROC"—the "Rest of Canada"—as a shorthand definition for those parts of this country which are *not* Quebec. "Do you live in Quebec?" "No, I live in the Rest of Canada."). As with any bad marriage, the bad marriage colours all facets of an individual's life. Those at the greatest remove from the bad marriage—children who no longer have to live in the battleground which a bad marriage home inevitably becomes, as an example—are the least susceptible to the clinical depression which results.

I would put Canada's military in this category.

Shunned by its mother, Quebec, and nurtured by its father, Canada, the Canadian military has, as a consequence, "grown up" since Confederation in the well-adjusted and disciplined fashion of military men everywhere, eager to participate both in international conflicts and international peacekeeping as the defense of liberty and democracy and as the over-turning of despotism and dictatorship require and capable of interacting with admirable effectiveness—in both roles—with its military counterparts of other countries. Implicitly understanding that its sole purpose is to discharge its obligations under the direction of the appropriate civilian authorities, the Canadian military, like the military of all free nations does not initiate its tasks, it discharges them where and when it is directed to do so. And it accepts that there may be extended periods where no task is put to it. In those times, its task is to maintain itself at or near its peak efficiencies and capabilities through rigorous discipline, military exercises and maneuvers.

So long as the highest civilian authority, the Prime Minister, came from Canada, this remained the

status quo. Beginning in 1968, however, when our Prime Ministers (as part of the Husbandly campaign of Wifely appeasement) began to be chosen exclusively from Quebec—and when the tenures of *non*-Quebecois Prime Ministers (Joe Clark, John Turner) could be measured, literally, in mere months—the Psycho Bitch quality endemic to the Wife took hold and she soon set about the gleeful, decades-long dismantling of the Canadian military piece by piece, a unilateral disarmament unprecedented in any of the great democracies, before or since.

This concludes the lengthy detour which began mid-way through part two. Resuming Mark Proudman's encapsulation of Canada's military history with the post-war years:

> *Primary concern with the home audience remained the focus of military policy after the Second World War. In the 1956 Suez War, Britain and France invaded Egypt to seize the Suez Canal, which, in their opinion, they owned. Lester Pearson's famous negotiations for a cease-fire and a UN peacekeeping force caused the government political difficulties: many English Canadians, following the lead of* The Globe and Mail [Canada's only national newspaper at the time], *thought the British action had been justified. It became politic for the government to be seen doing something positive, so Canadian troops were deployed, not because they were necessary on the ground (the Egyptians didn't want them) but because they were necessary to Ottawa's image.*
>
> *But Pearson had inadvertently discovered something: Peacekeeping is cheap. Moreover it has an enlightened, internationalist, humanitarian air to it a message that became particularly appealing as the Americans got bogged down in Vietnam. Few troops are needed for peacekeeping* so conscription is unnecessary [emphasis mine]. *Cheap and even out-of-date equipment is often good enough to get the job done. Canadian diplomats and politicians, from Pearson to Chrétien, have been able to be seen playing a prominent role on the world stage, without having to commit large forces or take great risks.*

In short, what Lester Pearson recognized was that it was possible to have a Canadian military which saw action internationally so long as the scale of the operation was kept both small enough—thus eliminating the politically-hazardous need to conscript troops from Quebec which would trigger riots in Montreal and Quebec City—and (this is critical) *cheap* enough that the Wife (Quebec) didn't begrudge the Husband (Canada) the money which, above a certain dollar threshold, the Wife would have insisted go towards some more worthwhile purpose: like a massive bribe or blackmail payment to Quebec.

Peacekeeping is a "hot button issue" in Canada—since, as with ice hockey, we claim to have invented it—and a news item about its origins invariably sets off a flurry of corrections and counter-corrections in Canadian newspapers. By example, here is a "mid-flurry" letter from Sean Maloney of the Royal Military College of Canada to the *National Post* from July of this year:

> *I suggest that the historical record is more complex than Alex Morrison asserts (re: letter to the editor, Pearson and Peacekeeping, July 12).*
>
> *As with any historical event, new information emerges over time and interpretations of the past evolve. The role of Lester B. Pearson in the development of UN peacekeeping is now at that stage, particularly since the Orwellian manipulation of Pearson and his policies by those seeking to further their own interests in the 1990s, which is today a dangerous thing not only for this country but also for the soldiers we send overseas.*
>
> *My book does not dispute Pearson's importance in the development of Canadian national security policy during the Cold War. As Geoffrey Pearson quite correctly points out, (Son defends Pearson's Peacekeeping Legacy, July 12), Pearson was a strong believer in deterrence. Furthermore, I suggest in* Canada and UN Peacekeeping *that Canadian peacekeeping, as conceptualized by Pearson, was an integral, but not central component of Canada's strategy to contain Soviet totalitarianism. Many would have us believe otherwise, particularly those seeking to portray Canada as a neutral nation.*
>
> *There were other contributors to the creation of UN peacekeeping, men who were perhaps not politically correct enough for those seeking to create mythological personages that corresponded to their objectives. One of these men was General E.L.M. Burns, the military head of the UN peace observation force in the Middle East, who insisted in November 1955 that the UN needed a more robust armed presence interposed between the belligerents. Another was General Charles Foulkes and his staff officers, who conceptualized Canadian UN peacekeeping in a 1947 study. A 1954 analysis by Pearson's staff at External Affairs concluded that peacekeeping oper-*

ations were a means to forestall Communist expansion in the Third World. Credit must be given where credit is due. I fail to see how this somehow detracts from Pearson's accomplishments.

I would suggest to those critics striking out blindly in defence of Pearson that they carefully consider the argument made in the book before condemning it.

The fact that Lester Pearson was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts in the Suez Crisis, of course weighs heavily in the balance when it comes to "who did" or "who did not" invent peacekeeping. And, as Mr. Maloney points out, the urge to create mythological personages rather than to research the historical sequence of events is something of a vice on the left-liberal side of things and Lester Pearson has, in many ways, suffered the same fate as his American patron John F. Kennedy (who supplied Pearson with modern pollsters and modern polling techniques in a very Kennedyesque —and successful as hell—"don't get mad, get even" campaign to unseat Prime Minister John Diefenbaker—Pearson's predecessor at 24 Sussex Drive and a Kennedy nemesis—in the Canadian federal election of 1963) of being cast as kindred spirits—of and by—the "squishy" left liberal quasi-socialist neutralists of their respective political parties, the Liberals and the Democrats.

Which is not to say that Pearson wasn't more than a little "squishy" both before and after he assumed the office of Prime Minister (1963-1968). As Robert Fulford pointed out in his column "Fantasy informs our foreign policy" (*National Post* 17 September):

When NATO was formed, in the 1940s, the Canadians insisted that its charter provide for economic and cultural as well as military co-operation. This never happened, but after 20 years Pearson took to saying that Canada would lose interest if NATO "degenerated into merely an old-fashioned military alliance." [Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State in the Truman administration and one of the architects of NATO] *argued that NATO was in fact an old-fashioned military alliance, against the Soviets and nothing else. Pearson was trying to make Canada's pro-West, anti-Soviet policy look different from America's which it wasn't. Pearson did nothing but wrap Canada-U.S. relations in confusion...Acheson liked Canada, and collaborated with Lester B. Pearson in creating NATO, but he had no illusions about the things that Canadians have illusions about, such as peacekeeping. He noticed long ago something that Michael Ignatieff precisely defined last fall in a CBC broadcast: a tendency among Canadian politicians and civil servants to "make a specialty of impotent moral perfectionism"...Acheson summarized Canada's approach to diplomacy: As a middle-sized power, Canada was listened to but not held responsible for results; it could attract admiration while letting powerful countries be blamed for any failures. And how did Canada use its middle-power position? To posture as the world's peacekeeper.*

Acheson's wry bemusement at Pearson's striking of attitudes and at the diplomatic antics of Canada, the "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God" (I just had to work that in again) gave way to a less...lighthearted...reaction in April of 1965 when Prime Minister Pearson delivered a speech at Philadelphia's Temple University in which he suggested that the U.S. stop bombing North Vietnam. During a visit later to Camp David, President Johnson was seen grabbing the Prime Minister by the lapels.

"You don't come here to piss on my rug," Johnson was reported saying.

Mark Proudman's article "Undermining allies a Canadian tradition" effectively addresses several inaccuracies in the Myths of Suez by documenting the sequence of events.

Differing national experiences have led to differing histories of the Suez affair. The Europeans see it as an episode in the decline of empire. The Americans are inclined to view Suez against the backdrop of the Cold War, and see the brief war as a counterproductive allied distraction.

Canadians, however, have turned an allied disaster into a national triumph: In that variety of heritage-moment history that comes at us from movie screens, school textbooks and political platforms, we are told that during the Suez crisis Lester B. Pearson who was secretary of state for External Affairs at the time, invented the idea of peacekeeping and was able, through UN diplomacy, to negotiate a ceasefire.

There is enough truth here to make a comforting national myth. The fact is Pearson negotiated an ignominious withdrawal by British and French forces—and the affair then turned into an unabashed triumph for the radical Arab nationalist dictator of Egypt, Gamal Abdul Nasser, even though his forces had been defeated on the battlefield.

The key issue in the Suez crisis was the Egyptian nationalization of the Suez Canal, which had

been owned by the British and the French. The British and the French arranged for the Israelis to invade Egypt, and then pretended to intervene to protect the canal and to separate the combatants.

This was the kind of underhanded diplomatic trick that might have worked in the 19th century, but this time no one was fooled and it rapidly became apparent that even many Britons were offended by the disingenuous use of military force to protect an economic interest. Democracies are bad liars: A forthright declaration that "we are protecting our property" would probably have rallied a great part of the British public behind the invasion.

The U.S. administration of President Eisenhower was particularly incensed by the Anglo-French action. This was, in part, because it was trying to convince Arab opinion that the United States was just as staunchly anti-colonialist as the Soviets and partly because it was simultaneously trying to rally world opinion against the Soviet invasion of Hungary. Finally, the United States was angry because America's allies had kept it in the dark about their plans and had the additional temerity to launch an invasion the weekend before the 1956 presidential election.

The Americans responded to the Suez invasion by organizing a run on the British pound and by co-operating with the Saudis in an anti-British oil embargo. This was the first oil embargo in history and it taught the Arabs a dangerous lesson: Oil can be a powerful weapon. U.S. secretary of state John Foster Dulles later gave up in frustration his attempt to establish good relations with Nasser, and privately apologized to the British for undermining them in 1956.

The Suez peacekeeping mission organized by Pearson was also the first time Canada disagreed with Britain on the international stage. The reasons that the British agreed to Pearson's peace plan had more to do with money and oil than with anything that Pearson did.

The Americans at least had the good grace not to build a national ideology on disagreements with their allies; Canadians, on the other hand, seem to have made inter-allied backstabbing something of a national tradition: Our politicians and diplomats are never quite convinced that they are acting independently unless they are undermining an ally.

That, I feel safe in saying, is the French in us.

I think it also worth noting that the Nobel Committee has always favoured leftist sentiments and causes and that a major reason for the awarding of the peace prize to Lester Pearson likely had more to do with the fact that he had been instrumental in Britain and France jointly ending up with egg on their faces and Egypt coming up a winner in the Suez Crisis than for any "peace"—per se—which had resulted from his innovations.

18 July of this year, the *National Post* printed a letter from Arthur E. Blanchette, a former peacekeeper and Indochina desk officer in External Affairs:

> [Pearson's] *influence on an earlier peacekeeping exercise is almost completely forgotten today. For in 1954, along with Paul Martin Sr., then minister of national health and welfare, he persuaded a reluctant prime minister, Louis St. Laurent* [from Quebec, I hasten to point out], *to accept the invitation extended by the then-premier of China, Chou En-lai, that Canada join India and Poland to monitor a truce and supervise a peacekeeping operation, set up by the Geneva Conference of 1954, enabling France to withdraw from Indochina without too great a loss of face.*
>
> *Canada remained in Indochina until 1973.*

Lester Pearson was also the individual responsible for collapsing the branches of the Canadian military into a single entity with a single chain of command called the Canadian Armed Forces, which has proven something of a morale destroyer in Canada's military (from what I understand) undermining the natural pride which results from being in the Army, the Air Force OR the Navy, as opposed to the ArmyAirForceandNavy. I suspect that this was accomplished largely to allow the slashing of funding from a *single* military budget rather than to attempt to slash funding from *three* military budgets (in much the same way that the Liberals recently slashed transfer payments to the provinces by collapsing three programs into one and giving the provinces discretion as to what and on which they might choose to spend the—drastically diminished—lump sum which remained).

Abiding by the foundational rules governing the military in a democracy, whatever the senior command of Canadian Forces actually *thought* of peacekeeping (not much, since they viewed it as a distraction from their primary responsibility, fighting wars), they set about restructuring for the task at hand as determined by the civilian authorities and, from 1956 onward, Canada's military was primari-

ly used in UN peacekeeping operations. In fact, the Canadian military, by the end of 2001, had sacrificed more soldiers in the cause of UN peacekeeping than had the military of any other nation, 108 soldiers on 70 different missions (all of whom were recognized by the UN earlier this year with the Dag Hammarskjold Medal, named for the Swedish UN Secretary-General who died in a plane crash while on a peace mission in 1961 in the Congo).

In my view, this conversion of the Canadian Forces from a *combat* force to a *peacekeeping* force became another reason "Why Canada Slept". Through the efforts of Lester Pearson and his Liberal and Quebecois successors—whose motives were *primarily* the avoidance of conscripting soldiers and *secondarily* the slashing of military spending to the bare bone (both of which had as their *overarching* motive the appeasement of public opinion in Quebec)—we, essentially, *backed into* our status as a pacifist or neutralist nation, by taking it as a given that a *peacekeeping* army could be smaller—*substantially* smaller—than a *combat* force. This then made not only *possible*, but *inevitable* the leap of left liberal, quasi-socialist faith from that "given" to holding as self-evident the view that we would never have *need* of *combat* forces. The succession of Quebecois Prime Ministers which followed Lester Pearson—with their innate antipathy towards all things military—made the disgraceful erosion of our armed forces inevitable. At the time of the Suez Crisis, the Canadian military consisted of 120,000 combat-ready soldiers. As mentioned in part one of this series, that number is down around 50,000. Taking into account the number of military personnel which are required to maintain the Canadian Forces Bases around the country and overseas, the *deployable* forces are substantially fewer even than that. Perhaps as few as 9,000.

As Major General Lewis Mackenzie, the UN Commander in Sarajevo in 1992 put it in his not altogether facetious "Dear President Bush" letter ("Mr. Bush, help us be all that we can be" *National Post* 24 September):

Dear President Bush,

I hope you don't mind me writing you like this. Trust me, I wouldn't be so brazen if the situation up here were not so serious. By way of background, in 1992 I had the good fortune to serve as the UN Commander in Sarajevo when your father was president, Vice-President Cheney held the office of Secretary of Defense, and Secretary of State Powell was chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Thanks to the excellent relationship that existed at the time between Prime Minister Mulroney and President Bush (41), your father's public promise—that the United States would respond to threats to our security in Bosnia if the UN was incapable of doing so—was a great boost to our morale.

During that period in the early '90s, Canada's military was punching well above its weight on the world stage. With less than 1% of the world's population and a deployable army of just over 20,000 we made up over 10% of the UN's peace operations around the globe. With 2,000 soldiers in Bosnia and Croatia, 500 in Cyprus, 400-plus in Cambodia and more than 1,000 in Somalia, and hundreds on smaller missions in the Middle East, Haiti and Central America, plus a combat-ready brigade of more than 4,000 with NATO forces in Germany, I could look Secretary of Defense Cheney and General Powell in the eyes when I met with them following my departure from Sarajevo in 1992. Canada was doing "more with less" than any other army in the world—and we were damn proud of our contribution to international peace and security.

During the past nine years the Canadian Armed Forces has borne the largest brunt of our government's assault on the nation's deficit. Twenty-five per cent was removed from a budget that might have been adequate to maintain a minimum acceptable capability in a stable world, but was woefully inadequate to cope with a multitude of deployments in the latter half of the 1990s to trouble spots like East Timor, the Congo, Sierra Leone, Central African Republic, Georgia, Kosovo, Eritrea/Ethiopia etc., etc.

The fact that our Army is bankrupt and can no longer respond "ready aye ready" to whatever its government demands was driven home just a few months ago when we were forced to withdraw our modest army contribution—fewer than 900 fine soldiers—from the war against terrorism in Afghanistan. Our only major army deployment currently left outside the country is a 1,000-plus contingent in Bosnia with NATO. Its re-supply system is civilian-run and could not be deployed into a war-fighting situation—such as Afghanistan or wherever the pursuit of the terrorists takes us.

In spite of the dramatic cutbacks to our operational deployments, the Army is more than $1-billion in the hole on its operational budget. The modest increases cautiously anticipated in future military funding wouldn't even pay the Army's outstanding debt, let alone stop the hemor-

rhaging of experienced people from its ranks.

You might be surprised to learn that this grievous situation has been well recognized by the majority of elected representatives within our House of Commons and our appointed Senators as well. Both groups have produced compelling and justified arguments for increased defence funding totaling 50% over the next four years. The government's own Auditor-General has eloquently made the case for similar increases and highly qualified think-tanks from coast to coast, many with absolutely no self-serving reasons other than patriotism and concern for our nation's military, have forcefully expressed similar recommendations. Finally, and by no means least in importance and weight, your own ambassador to our country has been tough and articulate in expressing your country's concerns regarding the deteriorating state of our military's operational capability.

Considering all of the above, I was merely wondering...would you be prepared to make an annual donation (I doubt if the idea of a loan would float) to our defence budget? The amount suggested is relatively modest—all Canadian dollars—say $1.5-billion the first year (preferably starting this year so we can pay a few bills), increasing by $1.5-billion each year for the next five years, culminating in 2006 with a steady state grant of $7-billion. My calculations indicate that your total "grant"—in our dollars, over five years—would only buy you seven B2 bombers at home, whereas the same investment north of your border would buy you—well, not really you, because you know how sensitive we are about our sovereignty—would buy us a 75,000-strong fighting force unequalled in the world for that modest an investment. If anyone knows how to ingeniously get the biggest bang for your buck it's the Canadian Army (with the USMC in a close second place). With the proven quality of our young men and women in uniform as collateral I can assure you that you will not be disappointed—and your security and that of the world will be enhanced.

Lewis MacKenzie, Major General (ret'd)

PS. Please don't mention this correspondence to our Prime Minister. He might be less willing to accept the donation if he knew I had asked you. Oh yes, if you do decide to contribute please make sure you get a written guarantee that the money will be spent on our military. There is a good deal of talk these days about our departing Prime Minister's legacy and I wouldn't want to see your largesse spent on a third lane for our TransCanada Highway.

This is not the usual tone of a military man and certainly not the tone of a military man of Lewis MacKenzie's irrefutable high caliber, which, as the Major General says, gives you some idea of how desperate the situation has become for Canada's military.

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Before moving on to look at the high standards which the Canadian Forces continue to uphold against overwhelming odds—including excerpts from Major General MacKenzie's more representative writings—I think it worth noting an interesting, if somewhat tangential conclusion that I came to in the course of researching "Why Canada Slept". That is, that the relationship between the United States and Canada is directly analogous to the relationship between Canada and Quebec. I think it worth noting because it seems to me that Canadians could improve their relationship with the United States if they would realize just how...*Quebec-like*...our behaviour towards our nearest neighbour, closest ally and largest trading partner is. It grates on the Canadian nerves to listen to Quebec always harping on its sovereignty, its small-mindedness in always emphasizing its independence, its fundamental differences from the "Rest of Canada". Being polite Canadians we try to give the Quebecois a sympathetic hearing but it is very, very difficult. "*How* do you see yourselves as being different?" Apart from being French the answer always consists of vague parochial interests which separate the Quebecois from us only because their interests are peculiar. Not peculiar in a bad way. Just peculiar. As in "how can anyone find that as interesting as you do?" Which is rather, I think, the American reaction to our treating ice hockey as a religion. They don't think its *evil,* they just think its...peculiar (which it is). And their reaction is not "Oh, well—no *wonder* you think you're not like us." When Americans listen to the parochial interests which most Canadians believe separate them from Americans, their reaction is about the same as our reaction to the parochial interests of the Quebecois which make *them* think of *themselves* as a breed apart. An *honest* Canadian reaction to Quebec and an *honest* American reaction to Canada would be, "Don't you think that's kind of, well, *petty?* Kind of *small-minded?* I mean, aren't you making a mountain out of a molehill?" This is never said, either by Canadians to the Quebecois or

by Americans to Canadians for the obvious reason that it would only compound the problem. If you think someone is being petty and small-minded, accusing them of it is the surest way to find out just how petty and small-minded someone can be. Implicit in both cases is, "You are aware that you would be completely lost-at-sea without us, right?" Canada is the United States' largest trading partner, but not nearly to the extent that the United States is *Canada's* largest trading partner. It's amusing every time we have the same trade dispute over softwood lumber. The Americans claim that Canada unfairly subsidizes its softwood lumber. Canada claims it does no such thing. The Americans slap a whopping tariff on our softwood lumber. Our softwood lumber industry instantly goes in the toilet. We send the dispute to arbitration at the World Trade Organization. They agree with Canada. The Americans lift their tariff. Not once does Canada look at the situation and say, the softwood lumber industry goes in the toilet *because the Americans are our only customer.* What? Are you going to float a bunch of logs across the Pacific Ocean to Japan? Across the Atlantic to Spain? Those will be mighty expensive logs when they get there (*if* they get there).

Not treating the softwood lumber industry under those rules by which your Biggest and Virtually Only Customer wants it to be treated (listen to me carefully, Canadians) Is. A. Very. Very. Quebec. Like. Thing. To. Do. It is exactly the sort of petty, nickel-and-dime, in your face, nyah nyah, "I'm kicking you in the shins, I'm kicking you in the shins" sort of thing that Quebec always tries to pull with the Rest of Canada. Which always makes the Rest of Canada go, "What's the matter with those idiots? Don't they realize they'd be lost at sea without us?" They can't just be what they are: a part of Canada, they have to have "sovereignty association" or something so everyone knows how special and different they are. And they can't just *say*, "We're sovereignly associated." So Canada can say, "Fine. You're sovereignly associated. Good for you." And then go and do something interesting. No they have to have some big hooplah conference and weeks of negotiations and referenda and polls and debates where *they're the centre of attention* and Canada offers them the sun and the moon and the stars and a weekend in the Bahamas if they will just please sign the Constitution. At which point they petulantly say "no" *just to prove* how special and different they are.

I'm sure there is a Freudian term—transference, maybe? which defines the behaviour of a Husband who has so completely and thoroughly self-abased and humiliated himself in capitulating to the every whim of the Wife in his Bad Marriage that he then starts turning all of the relationships in his life into equally Bad Marriages by taking on the worst traits of his Wife. Whatever that term would be, it suits Canada to a "t" and nowhere more thoroughly than in its relationship with the United States. We will have "outgrown our long national adolescence" (in Mark Proudman's memorable phrase) only when we recognize how Quebec-like we have become and *stop being that way.* We should be as unquestioningly loyal to the United States as we believe Quebec should be to Canada and for the same reasons: one, because it is the *right thing to do* and two, because it is the *wise thing to do* given that the United States is as critically necessary to the success and to the survival of Canada as Canada is to the success and the survival of Quebec.

This concludes my digressional lecture series, *Grow.Up.101.*

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I agree with Charles Krauthammer's observation from his column earlier this year ("U.S. military makes war—not peace") where he advocates that the U.S. hold firm in leaving peacekeeping duties to others. "Why? Because the U.S. military is the world's premier fighting force, and ought to husband its resources for just that. Anybody can peacekeep [sic]; no one [else] can do what Americans did in Afghanistan. Many nations can do police work; only Americans can drop thousand-pound bombs with the precision of a medieval archer." For Canada, put another way, there is no use crying over spilt milk. If there existed any misapprehension at the External Affairs ministry back in 1956 that the switch from combat forces to a peacekeeping role would still leave Canada with all its options on the table, it has been thoroughly repudiated by events in Afghanistan. The quest for the "military high ground" did not end with the development of the atomic bomb. Nuclear weapons do represent an ultimate "trump card". What was overlooked by every nation besides the United States and the Soviet Union (the latter, up until 1989) was that the competition for the "military high ground" in *conventional* armaments was still in doubt. Apart from the Avro Arrow, the state of the art fighter jet which Canada developed in the early 1960s—and which was scuttled before it could advance beyond the prototype stage—Canada opted out of the competition early and completely. It is not a game where you can take a seat on the sidelines and then play "catch-up" decades later when geopolitical realities take a sharp turn in an unexpected direction (as they did on 11 September 2001). The development of state-of-the-art military hardware is a

scaffold where each new piece-or-system builds on the strength of its immediate predecessor piece-or-system while simultaneously diminishing or eliminating apparent or potential weaknesses. The Pentagon's scaffold is now as tall as the former World Trade Center buildings and everyone else is stuck somewhere around the tenth or twelfth floor. To the civilian mind this seems like "overdoing" it, but, arguably, the greater a technological "lead" the Pentagon can open up over any potential rivals, the more secure the technology becomes from espionage or the loss of sophisticated military hardware in combat. If your adversaries open up a downed military jet and are unable to understand what they are looking at, they will be unable to imitate it. In the 21st century, that technological "lead" is as close as you can get to holding the "military high ground," a quest as old as warfare itself.

Given Canada's lack of military capability, this makes it even more necessary, in my view, for Canada to define its military role relative to the perceived requirements of the United States—both as America's closest neighbour and largest trading partner and as a NATO ally. Unfortunately, in my view, the present Liberal government has elected to define Canada, instead, as a member of the United Nations which strikes me as seriously screwy given that the UN (as Ezra Levant pointed out in "Why Canada should declare war" *National Post* 15 August) "...was conceived as a meeting place for nations' diplomats, a clearing house for national interests. It has no democratic mandate or legitimacy of its own. If Mr. Graham [Bill Graham, Canada's current Foreign Minister] feels that a certain UN vote is also in Canada's national interest, then that is a happy coincidence. If our interests are not the same, then Canada's sovereignty —especially over a declaration of war, the gravest decision a government can make—must trump Mr. Graham's utopian adherence to the latest diplomatic fad. Section 91 (7) of Canada's Constitution grants sole jurisdiction for the 'Militia, Military and Naval Service, and Defence' to the Canadian government. Our Constitution makes no mention of the United Nations." Even from the highly skewed Liberal perspective of "*UN Uber Alles,"* the UN General Assembly *votes* on motions before it. Member nations are expected to hold a view—yes or no—and to vote accordingly. Taken to its ridiculous extreme, allowing the UN to set the course of Canadian foreign policy would require that Canada's ambassador vote last on any declaration so that he or she could vote with the majority view, whatever that happened to be. It would be the equivalent of a U.S. Senator saying, "I'll go along with whatever the Senate decides". It brings a new level of "squishiness" to the left-liberal, quasi-socialist way of doing things. Which should come as no great surprise to those of us who have been subject to the Chrétien Liberals for the better part of a decade, whose dictatorial approach to parliamentary democracy has led to such spectacles as the government voting *unanimously* against one of its own 1993 campaign promises contained in its (*in pace requiescat* Mao Tse Tung) Red Book when that campaign promise was put forward as an opposition motion by the Canadian Alliance.

Although I am advocating just such a knee-jerk support response—substituting the United States for the UN—I think that that is the only honourable and sensible course of action left open to my country, given that (as I pointed out in the first installment) we put all of our eggs in the 'War is Over" basket. In a world where fundamentalist Islam has surged to the forefront of all our consciousnesses with the events of 11 September, with the bombing in Bali, with the Miss World riots in Nigeria, with the suicide bombings in the Middle East such that no democracy can now consider itself safe from attacks upon its civilian populations, *Canada is no longer* theoretically *beholden to the United States for its national defence, it is beholden to the United States in* practical fact. It is a fact of fundamentalist Islam that the number and severity of its attacks diminish in direct proportion to the amount of lethal force brought to bear against it. It was the decisive action in Afghanistan, the no-nonsense approach to the prisoners at Guantanamo Bay and the immediate "gearing up" for an invasion of Iraq which has left the United States largely free from (the Beltway Sniper aside) domestic and overseas Muslim terrorist attacks—and certainly nothing on the scale of 11 September. There seems a strong likelihood that rogue Islamic elements are now more apt to target the "skinny puppies" of the Western "litter," in which category Canada has chosen to be the "skinniest of the skinny". There was a chilling quality (completely lost on the government of my country) when—in the aftermath of the Islamic terrorist attack on the French oil tanker off Yemen—the Pentagon announced that it had no plans to tighten security over the shipping lanes in the area. Given France's checkered track record as an American ally, a sensible approach on the part of the United States and one which I think would be equally sensible—and very possibly forthcoming—in the event of a terrorist attack on Canada, its territories or its citizens.

It is the sheer precariousness of Canada's situation, having unilaterally disarmed in a now more dangerous world, that contributes a great deal to "Why Canada Slept" and why Canada continues to sleep, in my view. Even as the other western democracies have begun an overhaul of their respective military capabilities in response to the events of 11 September and the terrorist activities of fundamentalist Muslims around the world, Canada chooses to do nothing. Not "very little". Nothing.

There is no shortage of proposals out there. Lieutenant-General Mike Jeffrey, Canada's top army commander, in his blueprint, *Army of Tomorrow* has proposed a ten-year overhaul that would transform an army built to fight Cold War mechanized battles in Europe into a nimble force that can be deployed quickly in small, messy peacekeeping, peacemaking and anti-terrorist operations in theatres such as Bosnia, Somalia, Kosovo and Afghanistan. As the *National Post* editorialized about Lieutenant-General Jeffrey's proposals ("Raising our military IQ" 13 May):

> *The focus on large formations of 1,000 or more men would disappear and smaller 100-man units with special-forces training would become central. More resources would be directed into surveillance and intelligence-gathering operations.*

By contrast, the present situation of "Why Canada Slept" and through which Canada's present government continues to sleep was addressed by Matthew Fisher in "The fact is, Canada has little to bring to a war" (*National Post* 7 Sept.):

> *The global war on terror demonstrated with embarrassing clarity the Canadian navy cannot support more than three warships at a time in distant seas. The war in Afghanistan revealed Canada has little military airlift and no military sealift, and no longer has enough combat doctors to staff a field hospital. Afghanistan also showed that a country that sent hundreds of thousands of fighting men to Europe during the Second World War cannot now sustain a 1,000-man battle group in the field for more than six months.*

Addressing the peculiar schism between the civilian authorities in Canada on the one hand and the Canadian military, American military and American civilian authorities on the other hand, Mr. Fisher notes:

> *The* (Canadian) *army brass was keen to dispatch Leopard tanks from its base in Germany to help expel the Iraqi invaders from Kuwait in the winter of 1990-91, but after furious political debate that plan was vetoed by* [External Affairs minister] *Joe Clark and other doves in the* [Prime Minister Brian] *Mulroney cabinet.*
>
> *What George Bush Sr. got from Canada then were a few warships, a supply ship, a military field hospital, a Boeing 707 tanker aircraft, several C-130 Hercules transport aircraft and a squadron of F-18 fighters.*
>
> *However those warplanes spent most of the war quietly flying combat air patrols against Saddam's invisible air force because Ottawa would not authorize pilots to drop bombs until the last hours of a campaign that lasted weeks.*

Given this, the state of our complete lack of military preparedness, and given that there is no sign on the horizon that the present government of Canada is prepared to even *begin* to address this sorry state of affairs with anything besides massive infusions of gossamer and pixy dust, and given (most particularly) that this leaves us almost entirely dependent on the United States for our defence, then I think the only honourable course of action is to supply the United States with the last international resource of even marginal value which we possess: our support at the UN before the world community and support—if not *in,* then, at least, *of* the war on terrorism. It might prove a source of meager consolation to Canadians that we had at last found a valid *use* for our gossamer and pixy dust which, at essence, represents the totality of our contributions—both actual and potential—because there is no question or doubt (in my mind, anyway) that the United States can quite successfully "go it alone". Whether you are discussing Canada's Leopard tanks or Canada's Coyote armoured vehicles, there is not the remotest chance of their "tipping the balance" in favour of the U.S. led forces in any conflict with Iraq (or with those dictatorships which will be targeted after Iraq). They will be virtually unnoticeable by their presence or by their absence. Likewise with our vote at the UN. The United States has (quite legitimately, in my view) made it plain that it will work in cooperation with the UN or it will work in cooperation with "like-minded" nations. For the moment, the United States is concerned, to one extent or another, with garnering international support at the UN for its actions in rooting out terrorists and attacking those states which sponsor terrorism. Deciding between the democracy of the United States under George Bush and the dictatorship of Iraq under Saddam Hussein should (to say the least) be an international diplomacy no-brainer. For everyone except Islamic terrorists and left-liberal, quasi-socialists it is, in fact, a no-brainer. But if, as allies of the United States, as member nations of the UN, as

NATO members, as democracies, we can't bring ourselves to see the difference between right and wrong, between black and white when it is before our eyes in just so cut-and-dried a propositional dichotomy, we can't be altogether surprised (although I'm sure—when the time comes—we will *pretend to be* with all the usual left-liberal, quasi-socialist histrionics we bring to bear on such occasions) when the United States abandons even the façade of interest in what the international community might or might not think of its actions and sets about the task of bringing freedom and democracy to the enslaved nations of the world which are hungry for it with the assistance of like-minded governments and their militaries. Nor can we be altogether surprised when this becomes an *irrevocable* circumstance: when we discover that American UN diplomacy exists only to refute, to undermine and to discredit domestic opposition to government policy. In the United States' case: left-liberal, quasi-socialist objections to *doing the right thing* and *taking action* against dictatorships and despotism. The larger implication of this is that each time, in the aftermath of 11 September, that the UN proves itself to be nothing more and nothing less than, well, *the UN*—proves itself, in short, to be irretrievably…*French*…(for want of a better term) in demonstrating its preference for obfuscation over insight, misdirection over clarity, rhetoric over resolve and dilettantism over decision-making—brings that much closer the complete discrediting of what has, historically, been the UN's own first line of defence as a functioning World Body: American left-liberal, quasi-socialists. George Bush, simply by playing the UN game by the rules, has demonstrated to the American public the levels of pointless intricacy, the quantities of hot air and the time-wasting required to get the UN to support *its own resolutions*. Each time that he submits his administration's foreign policy to the Rube Goldberg-like UN maze he makes it that much less possible for Senate and House Democrats to resort to or to invoke the UN as a serious entity without appearing, themselves, to be left-liberal, quasi-socialist dupes blinded by gossamer and pixy dust. The left-liberal, quasi-socialists have been quick to grasp the salient facts of How the World Has Changed post-11 September, but, at the same time, seem unable to retain those facts for extended periods. "You are either with the United States or you are with the terrorists" is a good example, as is, "Our target is those nations which finance or harbour terrorists." It's common sense. Of course there is nothing that qualifies as common sense that—once the left liberal, quasi-socialists get a hold of it—they are not able to "on the other hand" into a kaleidoscope of myriad and daunting complexities which breed in turn still more "on the other hand" intricacies until there is nothing visible but billions upon billions of "other hands" and no idea even where "square one" is, let alone how to get there. Common sense would tell you that "square one" is where you begin. Common sense would tell you that "square one" is where you are starting from. It is a mark of how divorced left-liberal, quasi-socialism is from reality that even *defining* "square one" would—for left-liberal, quasi-socialists—constitute the basis of a profoundly divisive debate.

Andrew Coyne in his column "Which precedent? What law?" (*National Post* 7 October) eloquently defines the box in which the left-liberal, quasi-socialists of the Chrétien government now find themselves as Foreign Affairs Minister Graham seeks to chart a Liberal course through the 21st century's suddenly *ill*iberal political waters.

> *In recent days, Mr. Graham has made his most detailed public critiques yet of American policy. His concerns are three-fold. One, there is not sufficient evidence that Saddam Hussein poses an imminent threat to the United States or its allies. Two, lacking such evidence, the United States could not invoke its right of self-defence in international law to attack Saddam unilaterally, i.e. all by itself. "Article 51 of the UN Charter," he said on CBC radio last week, "allows a state to take action in self-defence. It doesn't allow you to invade somebody just because you want to invade them."*
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> *Rather, three, any decision to use force against Iraq should be taken by resolution of the United Nations Security Council. Mr. Graham has pledged to "work with the Americans to push them in the direction of multilateralism instead of unilateralism."*
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> *But that is to misstate the situation. The United States is not proposing to act alone, but in concert with its allies. The choice is not between multilateralism and unilateralism, but between two different kinds of multilateralism: On the one hand, an ad hoc "coalition of the willing," including Britain, Australia, Spain, Italy and several Arab states, and on the other, the institutions and practices of the United Nations.*
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> *Which form of multilateralism you prefer will depend on which task you expect it perform. Is it to prevent rogue states from acquiring nuclear weapons? Or is it to constrain the exercise of American power? It's no use saying both. As a practical matter, the choice of one effectively precludes the other. It was only the threat of American action that roused the UN to enforce* its

own resolutions. *Left to itself, the UN would never summon the will to confront Saddam.*

So the question becomes, which is the greater threat to international security: America or Iraq? For the anti-American left, the answer is easy. After all, as Linda McQuaig observed in The Toronto Star *last week, Saddam's only invaded two countries, whereas the United States 'has invaded or assaulted, Grenada, Nicaragua, Libya, Panama, Haiti, Somalia, Sudan, Iraq, Yugoslavia, Afghanistan...' (But why stop there? Why not add France to the list? Also Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany and other European nations liberated in the Second World War—countries that, thanks to previous U.S. "invasions," are today democracies.)*

That's not Mr. Graham's point, I think. Rather his concern is what other *states might do. If international law were set aside in this case, he argues, the precedent could be invoked by other countries to settle disputes by military means. Indeed, he reminded reporters on Friday, "our Russian colleagues are already speaking to Georgia in respect of Chechnya in lines that are not substantially different from that of the United States' language in terms of Iraq."*

But again this misstates the situation. The issue is not whether to allow a precedent to be set. A precedent will be set either way. Either we will decide that a state threatened by weapons of mass destruction, whether in the hands of rogue states or their terrorist clients, is entitled to protect its citizens, without waiting for the bomb to go off. Or we will decide that legalistic concerns for national sovereignty will take priority over threats to the peace.

In any event, it is not precedent that determines whether countries will invade their neighbours, but calculations of national interest. If Russia is given license to invade Georgia, it is far more likely to be as a result of a backroom deal to obtain its consent for an attack on Iraq. Whereas a United States that acted "alone" could still make clear that attacking Georgia was unacceptable to it, and to the international community.

Which is what international law amounts to: an informal, evolving sense of what the world will accept, and what it will not. Those who insist on the sanctity of international law appear to believe it to be analogous to domestic law, as drafted and enforced by domestic governments. Such is not the case. There is no Parliament to draft it, no legitimate government to enforce it.

Certainly the UN is not that government. Its delegates are neither elected nor answerable, in most cases, to anyone who is. The notion that the United States, or any nation, should have to subject the security of its citizens to a veto by the likes of Russia, or China, or France, is an absurdity. Yet that seems to be what Mr. Graham has in mind.

No matter how simple and self-evident is the "common sense" choice before them (the democratic government of the United States under George Bush versus the totalitarian government of Iraq under Saddam Hussein being a good example) what is most difficult for left liberal, quasi-socialists—the governments that they form and the supporters that they attract—is *choosing*. They jealously guard their "right to choose" while expending vast amounts of energy and time manufacturing tangential and largely irrelevant complexities. The left liberal quasi-socialist sees this endless postponement of decision-making, this endless multiplying of "on the other hands" as inherently wise and as hallmarks of a fine intellect. Conversely they view those who are *not* prone to manufacturing complexities out of gossamer and pixy dust as "morons"—as our Prime Minister's director of communications, Francie Ducros, described President George W. Bush at the recent NATO summit which had as its theme, "How to modernize NATO." The President's view is that you modernize NATO by persuading the member nations to upgrade their armed forces through increased military spending. The President graduated from Yale, but I don't imagine an Ivy League degree was required for him to understand that the way that you modernize an international military alliance is by having the member nations upgrade their armed forces through increased military spending. After years of meetings and sub-committee meetings and debates, after much hand-wringing, both in and with the media and after the generation of several metric tons of written reports (examining root causes and the psychological stresses created by military alliances, women's issues as they pertain to military alliances, the role of gays in military alliances) in their own timorous fashion (and only after you had assured them they would be allowed to change their minds), even left liberal quasi-socialist "morons" would arrive at the same conclusion: The way that you modernize an international military alliance is by persuading member nations to upgrade their armed forces through increased military spending.

Next: A "made in Canada" solution: More Lewis MacKenzie and less Francie Ducros.